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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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HER STIPULATION.

At the old piano seated
As I played with Margaret,
Sweet the harmony repeated
In the chords of our duet.

'Twas her favorite piece, she told me,
She had chosen it to play,
And its music seemed to hold me
With a viewless, magic sway.

'Twas a melody Circassian,
And its strains, in varying mood,
Now sang low of love's sweet passion,
Now like clarions stirred the blood.

Still with me the memory lingers
Of that happy day in June;
So harmonious moved our fingers
Surely we had hearts in tune!

Visions through my soul delighted
Passed, that told what joy 'twould be
If our hands could be united,
Making endless harmony.

And I thought "'Tis now or never!"
So I whispered: "Margaret,
Why should not we twain forever
Make our lives one long duet?"

She, meanwhile, with smile entrancing,
Stood, in silence wrapt; but soon,
"'Twould be nice," she said, down glancing,
"*If I always chose the tune?*"
—R. H. Titherington, in West Shore.

BRAVE MARY SEXTON.

How She Saved Her Lover and the Express Train.

"Is it true, John, that you are to bring in the express to-morrow night?"

There was a world of solicitude in Mary Sexton's voice as she looked up into John Manning's face, her eyes showing, even more than her voice, the dread which had taken possession of her.

"It's true, Mary, darling, but have no fear. There are no road agents in these parts, nowadays, and I'm quite sure that the modern tramp has not pluck enough to wreck a train," and John smiled as he endeavored to reassure his sweetheart that there was no danger in connection with the trip.

"But Long Lake is nearly even full, and it was said this morning that the dam might break. In that case there will be plenty of danger at Long Lake pass," pursued Mary.

"Tush, little one, that's only the talk of a man who knows nothing about the dam. It's strong enough, and you need never fear about its breaking. Good-bye, sweetheart," he said, bending over and pressing his lips to hers.

But she still clung to him, loth to let him start, but he disengaged himself and stepped into the cab of his iron horse, pulled open the throttle, and slowly the train rumbled away in the darkness from Hornellsville station toward the mining camp in the mountains fifty miles away, which was the other terminus of the branch, leaving Mary on the platform, her eyes too bedimmed by tears to see her lover.

All that night and the next day, a vague feeling of impending danger filled her heart, and her apprehension became more intense when rain began to fall in torrents early in the afternoon.

The D. L. & S. branch runs from Hornellsville to Mortality Camp, up in the mountains, fifty miles away. The first ten miles are down a steep grade and toward a narrow valley. Then the track is laid between two ranges of hills, the pass not being more than a mile across in its widest part. Just at the base of Long Lake, an immense body of water which furnished power to numbers of stamping mills close by in the pass, the road turns sharply to the right. To avoid tunneling, the road then doubles completely, and runs back, almost parallel to its first course, to Downer's Bend, within two miles of Mary's home. Thus the first twenty odd miles of the road run in the shape of an elongated loop. The branch then continues on an easy stretch to Mortality Camp. The run from Hornellsville to the camp usually occupies nearly two hours, but the return trip could be made in a trifle over an hour and a half.

Every one in Hornellsville knew Mary Sexton, but she was a constant lass, and she had smiles for no lover but the sturdy engineer, John Manning, the friend of her youth, the man who for years had been almost a brother to her, for Mary was an orphan and had known the tender solicitude of a parent only in early childhood. It was only natural, therefore, that the station and the freight-house were places of engrossing interest to her, and that after she had acquired a knowledge of reading and writing, she should solve the intricacies of telegraphy. She was an apt pupil, and for many months had been in the habit of relieving the regular day operator from time to time.

It was considerably after night o'clock in the evening, when Mary left her home for the station, and though she knew she had to wait until 9:40 o'clock for John's train to return, she could not rest easily while there was any doubt as to the solidity of Long Lake dam.

She stepped into the station a few minutes before the half-hour, prepared to ask for the latest news, but she paused with surprise when she saw that the place was empty. She was still wondering whither the operator had gone, when her acute ear caught the call "Ky," repeated again and again with what seemed to be feverish rapidity. Without stopping to remove her shawl, she hastened to the instrument, opened the key and gave the answering symbol. There was a brief pause, and then hurriedly she read:

"Dam at Long Lake likely to go at any moment. Water even with top. Steppers have fled to high ground. Hr."

"Hr" was the signature of the operator at the company's mills, just beneath the lake, and she recognized it instantly. Opening the key again, she rattled off:

"What time is the express due there?"

The reply came:

"In fifty minutes, or at 9:12. Tried to get Mortality Camp, but got no answer. If the train gets into the pass just as dam breaks, every one will be lost—"

The message abruptly ended, and Mary realized that something had caused the operator to leave his instrument. Instinctively she saw the danger to John and the express. Though her heart throbbed like an engine, she lighted a red lantern, and, hastening with a wild, unreasoning impulse from the station, she sped breathlessly through the street, hardly forming, in the frenzy of her physical exertion, an outline of a plan.

"I have half an hour in which to reach Downer's Bend. John is due there at 8:57," she muttered to herself, and her face bespoke the determination she had reached. "I can reach the switch of the spur track at the Bend at that time. My lantern will slow up the express. I'll throw the switch. That'll send her up the spur towards the quarries at its end. She'll stop in twelve or fifteen car-lengths, after passing the switch, and so I'll save her from entering the pass."

She hurried along for many slowly passing minutes, unmindful of the storm which had drenched her, and likewise unmindful of the rough gravel which cut through her thin slippers and bruised her feet. Presently, above the roar of the rain and the wind, she heard the blast of a locomotive whistle. To her agonized mind it seemed to scream: "Mary! Mary!" dying away in a long moan like that which comes from a person in pain. But scarcely had the sound died in the distance, when she became aware of even a more horrid noise borne on the wind from the direction of the pass; a noise like that made by the crashing of trees in a gale. Again the whistle sounded, and its shriek pierced her heart like a knife. She quickened her frantic run. A few moments more and she was descending the hill which ended at Downer's Bend.

As she neared the switch, she snatched a moment to cast a look backward, and saw the bright gleam of the locomotive's headlight.

She swung the lantern around her head as she ran. In an instant she had thrown the switch; and even while her fingers were groping for the locking-pin, the locomotive dashed by.

She had looked up as it struck the switch-rail, and saw John Manning's face in the window-slide of the cab; and even while she looked, she heard him cry:

"Mary!"

Mary Sexton heard, dimly, the whistle for "down brakes," the sound of escaping steam, the click of the brake-clamps, and the sound of grinding-iron; then she fainted.

* * * * *

Three months later the Hornellsville New Era contained this paragraph:

MANNING—SEXTON. In this city July 6 by Rev. T. I. Pilcer, Mary, daughter of the late David Sexton, to John S. Manning.
—E. J. Lawler, in N. Y. Ledger.

FIGHTING THE APACHES.

How an Arizona Rancher Won General Crook's Friendship.

James Payne, of Arizona, can tell more about the bloodthirsty Apache Indians in a minute than any other man. He has been at Washington telling the committee on Indian affairs that the people of Arizona don't want the Indians removed to the Fort Sill Reservation in Indian Territory. Mr. Payne says if the Indians once get back to the west side of the great river they won't rest until they get a few scalps. The Apaches have raided Mr. Payne's ranch three times and stolen any amount of stock.

"You can't depend upon them," said the rancher. "Just as soon as they get back Geronimo will lead them to the San Carlos Agency and then the trouble will begin. At their feasts they drink a grain whisky which makes them crazy. Then they start out on plundering expeditions. If they are removed it will be against the wishes of the people of Arizona and New Mexico."

With Mr. Payne is J. B. Shepard. He is the champion Indian story-teller of the West. Speaking of General Crook, he said: "I'll never forget when I fought beside General Crook in an Apache battle. We had been after the redskins some days, and one noon we sighted a band at Crazy Jim's Gulch. The General started us on a run, and the way we sailed after the Apaches was a caution. They stopped and set fire to the prairie grass, hoping to head us off, but we fooled them. When they saw that they couldn't get away they rounded up their ponies in a circle and stood in the center. We skirmished around a bit and then sailed in. General Crook has a heart like an ox, and he said: 'Boys, just slay a few dozen of the warriors. Don't kill all, just enough to let them know that we are the people.' 'Twas a sweltering day and there wasn't a spot on the sun. After throwing off our coats and rolling up our trousers we opened fire. In a few seconds the Apaches began to drop. Taking advantage of an open place I led a crowd right into the midst of the Indians. Suddenly my pistol was hurled from my hand and I had to work with an old sword. Being pretty handy with the big knife I more than held my own. I had just laid out my tenth man when I felt a touch on the elbow. The air was so filled with Indian hair you could not see the sun and I asked:

"'Who is there?'

"'General Crook,' was the reply.

"'What is it, sir?'

"'I wish to restrain you,' spoke the General. 'There is nothing I admire so much as a good fighter—you know that, Jim, but when it comes to turning this little spot on the prairie into a slaughter-house I kick.'

"Appreciating the fact that I had gone too far I withdrew, but from that day until now General Crook and I have been like two brothers."—Chicago Tribune.

The Road to Prosperity.

The man who saves something every year, quotes a contemporary, who had heard the remark from every quarter, is on the road to prosperity. It may not be possible to save much. If not, save a little. Do not think that a dollar or a dime is too small a sum to lay by. Every body knows how little expenditures get away with large sums. But few seem to know that the rule is one that works both ways. If a dime spent here and a dollar spent there soon make a large hole in a man's income, so do dimes and dollars laid away soon become a visible and a respectable accumulation. In this country any man can make himself independent or keep himself under the harrow for life, according as he wastes or spends his small change.

The Great Greenland Whale.

Few, even among the most thoughtful of the genus homo, ever stop to consider the immense size of the great Greenland or Bright whale (Balena mysticetus, L.) Nillson says that it will weigh over 100 tons. Just think of it, 200,000 pounds! At that rate the gigantic creature would outweigh 83 of the largest elephants or 500 grizzly bears. Sliced in chunks of 1,000 pounds each, his carcass would load a freight train of eleven cars to its fullest capacity. The whalebone in such a whale would weigh as much as three of the largest Norman horses, and his oil would fill 150 kerosene barrels.

THE LITTLE FIFER.

An Interesting Story of Revolutionary War Times.

More than a hundred years ago there lived in the town of Shirley, Mass., a bright, well-grown lad named John Holden. His father was a farmer, and the little fellow trudged about the farm clad in homespun and home-made clothing, feeding calves, driving cows and doing whatever his hands found to do "with all his might."

One Saturday night John was early at the gate waiting for his father's home-coming, for Saturday was the day when Jonas Holden went to the village and returned laden with packages and news from Boston, which to them was the center of the world. A present was an unheard-of thing in little John's life. What was his surprise, then, as his father rode up to the gate, to see him hand out a long black case, saying:

"Here, my boy, see what I've brought you for a birthday present."

And imagine his greater astonishment, on opening the case, to see a beautiful fife of dark wood with silver trimmings!

The boy could hardly believe his own eyes; and as he was passionately fond of music he lost no time in beginning to learn the use of his newly-acquired instrument. He carried the fife everywhere with him and practiced on it in every spare moment, and before many months he was able to greatly astonish the villagers, and he won many a compliment by his skillful playing.

Just before the revolutionary war the whole country, as every boy and girl ought to know, was in a state of ferment and dread. War seemed inevitable, and the oppressive rule of the English was the theme of conversation everywhere.

Little John heard much of it, and longed to be a man that he might join the "rebellious colonists." And one day he received a compliment which set him thinking of matters in a way the older members of his family never mistrusted.

A visitor from Boston was at the farm-house, and the talk, as usual, ran on the prospect of war in the colonies. During a pause in the conversation Mr. Holden asked John to play something on the fife. When he had played a stirring march or two the stranger exclaimed: "Upon my word! But the boy has the soul of music in him! He will be ready for the British bulls and lions when it is necessary."

John sat quite still for some time. But before he went to bed he went to his father and said: "Father, if the British do come, shall I go to war with my fife?"

"To be sure," answered his father, laughingly. "They could not get along without you."

Long after his father had forgotten this incident, John Holden took his dog Zip, and his darling fife, and went to a favorite hill on the place to practice. At night the dog came back alone and going straight up to the boy's chamber began to moan and cry, and would not leave John's bed.

The family were greatly alarmed, and instantly divined that something had happened to John.

Soon the whole town was in commotion; for the news that John Holden was lost flew like wild-fire. Bands of men were organized and went searching the woods in every direction.

Indians had been traveling through the town recently. Had they carried off the boy? or had they stolen the valuable fife and thrown the boy into the river? The woods were hunted through and through; the river was dragged; notices of the lost boy were sent in every direction; but weeks lengthened into months and no clue was obtained that threw the faintest glimmer of light on the strange disappearance.

Everybody believed him to be dead, or with the cruel Indians. Everybody but one. The boy's mother never lost faith in his being safe somewhere:

"My boy is in God's hands," she would say. "In His good time John will come home."

And nothing could move her from this belief while two anxious years slipped by.

In the meantime war had broken out, and Shirley had sent her full quota of men to fight for the country's independence. It was through one of these that a rumor reached Mr. Holden that a boy of twelve was in General Washington's army as fifer.

Jonas Holden was impressed with the certainty that the boy in Washington's army and his lost son were the same. He went home and told his wife the story, and she was certain of it. Accordingly Mr. Holden started for New York, where General Washington and his army were then stationed. There were no railroads or telegraphs then, remember; nothing but horses and stage-coaches. Mr. Holden chose the former, and the best he could do, by traveling on horse-back, was to reach General Washington's headquarters in seven days.

When he finally drew rein at the outposts of the Continental army he made known his desire to see General Knox, who was with Washington at that time.

General Knox received the Massachusetts farmer with a cordiality that put him at his ease in a moment; and Mr. Holden found no difficulty in stating his errand.

"There is your boy, sir!" exclaimed the interested General, pointing to a young fellow in a soldier's suit, gay with brass buttons, who was playing on a fife. "He is drilling some raw recruits. That boy is Captain-General of us all, sir. I have never known him to whimper or say 'I can't'—although he is the youngest of us."

The fifer was sent for in the Colonel's name. As he drew near, and lifting his cap, asked: "Did you send for me, sir?" his eye fell on his father, sitting in a corner of the tent.

In a moment the boy was in his father's arms and sobbing like a baby. The father's tears were mingled with the long-lost son's and the redoubtable General was obliged to resort to his handkerchief as he withdrew, leaving father and son alone, with the remark:

"I will see our Commander-in-Chief."

"When did you come?" said John, when he could speak. "And how did you find me?"

"Old Captain brought me," was the reply, "and he can take us both home."

"And how is mother?" pursued the boy. "Oh! I have been so sorry for dear mother. I tell you, father, not a night have I camped down to sleep but I have thought of mother; and every time I thought of her the tears came. I thought perhaps she might die and I should never see her again."

"Your mother is well," was the father's answer. "And she has never for one moment lost faith in your being well and happy, and finally restored to us."

"Yes, I shall return, father," said John. "But I want this war ended first."

After the boy had inquired for all the family he said:

"But why didn't you bring Zip along, too?"

"Poor Zip!" was the reply. "He mourned himself to death before you had been gone a week. He never touched another mouthful of food, and would only lie on your bed and moan."

General Knox soon returned with orders from the Commander-in-Chief to conduct Mr. Holden and John to his headquarters—a summons that must be obeyed at once.

General Washington received Mr. Holden very kindly and said, smilingly:

"I hear a story that sounds like a romance in the midst of war. Tell me, my little fifer, how you came to leave your parents without their knowledge, and to join my army at such a tender age?"

John was somewhat abashed by this direct question from so dignified and august a personage; but the General added, kindly:

"You have the name of being one of my bravest boys. Tell me how it happened. You never ran away, did you?"

"No, sir, never," answered John with spirit. "I was playing with my dog Zip, on Sorrel Hill, when a big wagon, full of men, came along. They stopped when they saw me, and one of them called out: 'Halloo, my little fifer! We are looking for you. Jump in.' I asked them if the British bulls and lions were here, and they said: 'Yes, hurry up!' I jumped in, sir, and that was the way it happened."

Mr. Holden then remembered for the first time what he had said long ago, when John asked him if he would be needed when the British bulls and lions appeared.

John's story was met by a burst of laughter quite unusual with Washington. Then, patting the boy's rosy cheeks, the General said: "After this you must give us some music, my lad."

And John, quite elated, rendered a stirring march.

"I don't see how we can part with this brave boy of yours," said General Washington to Mr. Holden when the boy had finished playing, "but parents have the first claim."

John was just then ordered to go and dismiss the men he had been drilling, and he departed with a martial salute to his superiors and "I will be back in five minutes" to his father.

Mr. Holden, left alone, told the story of the mother's deep faith and added: "John seems to be in his element here."

Then General Washington told the gratified parent an incident, showing the spirit of the lad.

"When I, with a number of my suite, approached the vicinity of Monmouth Court-House," said he, "I was met by a little musician, who archly cried out: 'They are all coming this way, your Honor!'

"'Who are coming this way?' said I.

"'Why, our boys, your Honor! Our boys! and the British are right after them!'

"'Impossible!' I cried; but spurring my horse I found the boy's words only too true."

"He is a good boy," added General Knox, "and invaluable in training raw recruits. If they are homesick he talks kindly with them and cheers them wonderfully with his ardent patriotism."

The boy just then returned, and General Knox added: "Well, what did your men say when you told them you were going home?"

John blushed and answered: "I could not tell them that, your Honor. Father, let me stay another year. Then I shall be thirteen and able to help you more on the farm. You know mother is well, and the war will soon be over."

What father in revolutionary times could resist such an appeal?

Washington smiled, and Mr. Holden consented. And after a kind farewell from the Father of his Country, and a loving one from the young fifer, Jonas Holden rode away, saying to himself:

"My boy could not hold a more honored position,—I leave him safe in the hands of General Washington—and of God."

When, after seven more days of horse-back riding, Jonas Holden arrived at his own door in Shirley, he was met by his maiden sister with the words:

"Disappointed again! So it wasn't our John at all? I tell you, you'll never see that boy again."

But Mr. Holden held out his hand to the boy's mother.

"My dear," he said, "John is the happiest boy in the Continental army."

It took a long time to tell the story of the journey; of his reception at Washington's headquarters; of his finding the boy of his growth, improvement and popularity; of his close adherence to the principles of right and truth which they had taught him; and of the great commander's praise of their son. But at last the father said:

"Have I done right in leaving him there?"

"Just right," said the mother.

John Holden returned to his parents when the war was over and lived to a good old age. And his name may be seen, for the searching, even now, on the books at Washington, as a pensioner of 1776.—Toledo Blade.

Not for Twopence.

Two Harvard youths making a pedestrian tour in the Scottish Highlands were in the habit of stopping at small farm-houses and asking for milk, the charge for which was invariably a penny a glass. Calling one Sunday at a romantic-looking cottage in beautiful Glen Novis they were sourly received by the cotter's wife, and, though the milk was supplied, the proffered twopence was refused, with a solemn admonition as to the impropriety of such doings on such a day. The collegians were turning away with a courteous word of thanks when the woman made her meaning clear. "Na, na!" she cried; "I'll no' tak' less than saxpence for br'akin' the Sawbath!"

Has to Be Careful.

Wife—You dance a great deal better than you did before we were married. Then you always tore my dress in dancing, but you don't now.

Husband—Humph! Then I didn't have to pay for it.—Texas Siftings.

A NEW YORK DUDE.

A Genius Whom the World Calls a Fool.

A short time ago, says a New York correspondent in the San Francisco Argonaut, while sitting at a table in a Cooney Island restaurant with the redoubtable B——, best company to be found in town, our attention was attracted by the entrance of a most peculiar-looking man. Every one's attention was attracted in the same direction. It was funny to see how the contagion of amused curiosity spread from table to table, till in the farthest corner of the room people were craning their necks and bulging their eyes to have a look at the new-comer. Then, after a glance of arrested surprise, each turned to his neighbor with some ejaculation of wonder on his lips. The cause of the commotion was only a dude. It would hardly be worth while describing him, but a Western man, who had lived in New York once, told me that there was not a genuine dude west of the Mississippi, so the type may be odd enough to excuse the description.

He was with a friend, a good-looking young fellow, and the room being crowded they stood, for some moments, in the doorway, looking rather aimlessly about. Then a waiter bailed them over in our direction, and they sat near us. The dude was perhaps twenty-three or four years of age, and looked younger. He was tall, long-limbed, extremely thin, and walked feebly, with chest hollowed, and his chin stuck a long way out of the high-est collar that ever encircled a neck. He wore loose, light clothes, shoes of the most amazing length and ending in sharply-pointed toes, white-duck gaiters, and carried a cane with a bent-over top. This he dragged behind him as he walked in, as if too weak to lift it. As he entered he took off his hat, worn back on his head like a little boy's, and disclosed shining hair, brushed well down on his forehead and parted up the back and combed forward over his ears. As he read the *carte*, one could study his face. It was perfectly vapid. The forehead receded, like an anthropoid's, from the eyebrows. The chin receded, like a rodent's, from the lower lip. In profile, the head was like a triangle, with the tip of the nose for the apex. On the overhanging upper lip, there was a mustache curled up at the points, and the eyes, under straight brows, were peculiarly dull and lifeless. They looked like the eyes of a very old person, or a bird's when it sleeps.

Settled in his chair, he stuck a glass in his eye and looked about, but without any appearance of interest. He seemed listless and lifeless, the produce of an exhausted race. His figure seemed to fall together, as though the muscles of his back had lost their power, and occasionally, when his friend spoke to him, he shot his long neck up out of his collar like a snapping turtle. There were but two things to be said in his favor: he looked clean and he had beautiful hands—the long-fingered, loose-jointed, supple hands, with languid movements, which bespeak the artistic temperament and, sometimes, that their possessor is well-born. The people at the surrounding tables stared at this creature as though he had been Buffalo Bill or Mrs. Langtry, and he seemed as wearily oblivious of their attention as he was of every thing else.

Presently he met B——'s glance, and with a stately and absurdly affected air bowed and then looked away. B——, with much gravity, returned the salute, then said in a low voice:

"What would you take that fellow to be?"

"An egregious ass."

"That's what every one says and thinks. What would you say if I told you he was exactly the contrary?"

"That you were an ass yourself."

"Well, I know that fellow intimately, went to school with him and then to college—"

"And he bows to you as if he met you last night at a ball."

"That's his little way—his weakness. I understand him and we get on perfectly. I don't believe there are half-a-dozen people in New York, besides myself, who understand or appreciate that man. Do you know that he's very nearly a genius."

"He looks as if he might be. I never met but one genius in my life, and he was one of the most successfully, triumphantly idiotic people that I ever came in contact with."

"That fellow—his name's Tompkins—isn't in the least idiotic. I think the root of his eccentricities arises from the fact that he's morbidly sensitive. He was always a little queer in his style, and he has been gazed all his life. He's used to it now; he doesn't mind. That indifference of his to the sensation he creates is not in the least affected, it's perfectly genuine. He really doesn't care or know what people say or think of him. Half the time he doesn't see them."

"Are you going to try to make me believe that the man who has the facial angle of an ourang is a visionary dreamer?"

"No—he's not a dreamer; that's not his type of mind. But fate has forced him into a sort of isolation. As I said before, he was always queer, silent and morose. You can imagine how a fellow like that is treated at school, and afterward at college. His life was a martyrdom. He never complained, and when he began to grow up he never noticed. Some dead and gone ancestor bequeathed him that extraordinary face and head, but the mind that went with it was left behind. Still every one judged him by his appearance, and after awhile he didn't seem to resent it or even try to make himself known as he really is. He is one of the few men I've ever known who seem to me absolutely indifferent to public opinion. He wears his clothes in that absurd manner just from a sort of bitter bravado."

"And what's the feeling that makes him play he's a fool?"

"He doesn't. You do just what every one else does—judge only by his appearance. He is less of a fool than any one I ever saw. I told you he came near being a genius. If his talents had been more concentrated, he would have been a genius. But they're too spread out for absolute success in any department. He can do any thing he wants. Once, when we came home from college together, I went to his house with him while he was looking for some books. He lived with his grandmother and some old fossilized aunts who adored him. They were very rich and prosy and prudish, and lived in a huge old barrack far down-town below Tenth street. The house on the outside looked like a prison; on the inside it was the most beautiful place I ever had been in in my life."

"Was it illumined by your friend's beauty or his wit?"

"Both, you might say. I have never seen any thing more artistic than the interior of that house. There is not an artist's studio in town that compares with it. Nowhere, from one room to the other, was there one jarring color or one incongruous piece of drapery or carving. I couldn't believe they'd had a decorator at it—those men always leave their stamp on every thing—yet you could see the person who had arranged the place knew the whole business. I complimented one of the aunts on it, and she said her nephew had fixed it. He had wonderful taste—he had bought every thing and always arranged it himself.

"That was the first surprise. The second was when they took me into a little sort of breakfast-room—I suppose you call it—to have something to eat. It was a little eight-sided room, with low book-cases built into the wall and round mirrors set above them at intervals. Standing on the top of the shelves were some water-color sketches in plain frames. You know I'm something of a critic in water-colors, and my brother-in-law, the artist, has cultivated my taste. Well, these things were gems, so lucid, so clear, so fresh, executed by some one whose force and originality were stronger than their conventionality. This was 'my nephew' again. I never knew he drew or painted. He did it as he did every thing—perfectly quietly, never alluding to it. He could make a name for himself by it to-day if he wanted."

"Go on—what else could he do? I'm expecting to hear that he led a ballet, or invented a patent medicine."

"Not quite so bad as that. But the third shock was a few evenings after, when I again went to his place to spend some time with him hunting up more books. He took me upstairs that time to his rooms. He had a bedroom like a monk and a boudoir like a girl, and out of that a study with a piano in it. Heavens, you ought to have heard him play on that piano! Schumann, Chopin, Beethoven—I hardly ever heard such playing. I don't suppose it was so marvelous—but it was so unexpected—such a shock to see this fellow, with his unearthly face, playing away there like Saint Cecelia. And later in the evening he took me down into some dark cabby-hole in the bowels of the earth, it seems to me, where there was an old organ built into the wall, and there he sat in the gloom with a few candles burning and played Bach till near midnight. I felt creepy down my spine, as if I were in the company of a wizard."

"Did he ever have a love affair?"

"I don't believe so. I think he rather scorns women. They mostly make fun of him, you know, and as he knows his own worth it makes him despise them. I've seen him snubbed and openly made a fool of by some little dunce of seventeen who thought a young man who could play tennis was the noblest work of God. He never seemed to notice her. But once I saw him take his revenge on a girl in masterly style. It was that Robinson girl—you remember her; she was very handsome and a perfect cow. He was rather soft about her, and she amused herself by openly gaying him when her other admirers were around. One night, at a dance, he turned upon her—it was all done in the most gentlemanly way you can imagine—and simply obliterated her in the most exquisitely delicate and sarcastic manner I ever heard. She was knocked out, couldn't think of any answer, and he bowed and walked away. I think she must have told the other girls, for I've noticed they are careful of offending him now.

"But she was mean enough to take her revenge on him in her own way—the spiteful way that a woman only understands. A little while after that scene at the dance I went to see her, and, in the course of the visit, she said: 'Did you ever know Mr. Tompkins wrote poetry?' I didn't know it. Well, she got out of a portfolio some sonnets and things he had written to her. I'm not as good a judge of them as I am of the water-colors, but they seemed to me something wonderful. I wouldn't have believed he'd written them if I hadn't heard him play and seen his paintings. I had got to the point where nothing that he did could have surprised me. If some one had said to me: 'Do you know they say that apeheaded Tompkins is the author of "Paradise Lost," or was the real sculptor of the Bartholdi Liberty,' I would have believed them. He's a wonder, and all his world takes him for a fool."

A Safe Hobby to Ride.

A hobby is apt to be an expensive palfrey. It sometimes costs piles of money to groom and run it, and it seldom wins purses and cups enough to pay for its keep and entrance fees. Nevertheless, as man, in the absence of some special object to engage his thoughts, is almost sure to get into mischief, it is better for him to push ahead on any sort of a hobby that is not vicious, than to lounge through life in a slipshod, desultory way, without definite aim or purpose. No matter what other praiseworthy hobbies a man may have, he should make *conscience* the prime favorite of his moral stud. That is a hobby that is always safe. Give it the rein freely, never curb or check it, go with it in whatsoever direction its divine instinct would guide you, and over every "hill of difficulty," through every "slough of despond," it shall take you safely to the "narrow house"—which shall seem to be as the "House Beautiful"—at your journey's end.—N. Y. Ledger.

Food for a Life-Time.

A curious calculation of the amount of food consumed in a life-time of seventy years has recently been made by M. Soyer, a French savant, now *chef* of the Reform Club of London. Among other things, M. Soyer says that the average epicure of three-score and ten will have consumed 30 oxen, 200 sheep, 100 calves; 200 lambs, 50 pigs, 2,200 fowls, 1,000 fish of different kinds, 30,000 oysters, 5,475 pounds of vegetables, 243 pounds of butter, 24,000 eggs and four tons of bread, besides several hogsheads of wine, tea, coffee, etc. This enormous amount of food will weigh but little short of forty tons.—St. Louis Republic.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 26, 1890.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philadelphia.
For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, of York.
For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARCLAY, of Allegheny.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress,
THOMAS H. GREEVY.
Subject to the decision of Democratic conference.
For Assembly,
M. FITZHARRIS, of Gallitzin.
ED. T. McNEELIS, of Johnstown.
For Treasurer,
CHARLES J. MAYER, of Johnstown.
For Commissioners,
PATRICK E. DILLON, of Elder Twp.
JOHN KIRBY, of Johnstown.
For Auditors,
WILLIAM C. BERRY, of Wilmore.
JOSEPH HIPPS, of Chest Twp.
For Poor House Director,
S. W. MILLER, of Johnstown.

AT the meeting of the World's Fair Commissioners at Chicago, on Thursday of last week, George R. Davis, of Chicago, was recommended for Director General at the exposition. On the ballot for Director General, George R. Davis, had fifty votes and General D. Hastings, of this State had 44.

CONGRESSMEN VENABLE, of Virginia, and Elliott of South Carolina, both Democrats were unseated on Tuesday and two Republicans were given their places by Speaker Reed's Congress. It is a high handed piece of business when Congressmen elected by the people are turned out by partisans to increase their working force in the House.

THE raising of the salary of the President of the Reading railroad to $40,000 which occurred recently, did not have any perceptible effect in the way of preventing railroad accidents on the road as will be seen by reading the details of the disastrous wreck at Shoemakerville. If railroad companies would employ more brakeman and cheaper presidents the passengers would feel much safer and the stockholders would get just as large dividends.

THE Signal Service Bureau at Washington states that "harvesting has been completed in Dakota, but has been delayed in Minnesota by excessive rains. Killing frosts have occurred in Nebraska and Iowa, with slight damage to late corn. Corn is considered safe in Indiana and Illinois, where wheat seeding and corn cutting are progressing. The temperature and sunshine have been below the average in Kansas and Missouri, and warm weather is needed for corn in the latter State."

PRESIDENT HARRISON and family pulled up stakes at Cresson on Wednesday, and he is now back at Washington. During his stay on the mountain, the President visited a number of neighboring towns, but he gave Ebensburg the cut direct and did not deign to call on us. Burgess Evans, would have tendered him the freedom of the town; Postmaster Barker, would have set up the chewing gum; Collector Kinkead, would have taken him to James' drug store for soda water; but what's the use of itemizing! We feel the cut—feel it deeply—but we have the satisfaction of knowing that if we failed to see a President, we are like the girl with the illegitimate child "its such a little one that its not worth making a fuss about."

A SHORT time ago the Poor directors in this county made an examination of the cases of the "out door poor" who were drawing relief from the county and as a result of their inquiry, cut a number of them off the list. What is known as an "out door pauper" is one who is partly able to make a living, but from age or infirmity, is not fully able to provide for himself or family, but with some little assistance from the county, is able to keep himself or family from the almshouse. It is commendable in the Poor directors, to give assistance to all worthy of it and in cases of poor people, in ill health, with large families depending upon them for support, a little assistance often tides them over a period of distress and returning health again enables them to assume the duty of supporting themselves and families. In their investigations the Poor directors found a number who were not only able to keep themselves, but found some who were asking and receiving relief who had money deposited in bank. These were not entitled to aid and were very properly refused.

This leads us to remark that our tariff protected industries who are "*out door paupers*" on the balance of the people, who received protection on the theory that they were not at first able to make a living, but with a little assistance from the balance of the people in the way of tariff taxes to help them along, would in time become self-sustaining and able to do for themselves are in the same category as a man with money in the bank asking for relief. There is a time when charity, whether in the shape of a poor tax or tariff tax, becomes a fraud and an imposition on the people. The poor tax when the parties getting relief are able to help themselves and the tariff tax when its benificiaries are able to corrupt the people who contributed it, by purchasing elections, buying cabinet offices or like Carnegie the greatest "out door pauper" in the country, scattering public libraries with one hand and asking and receiving alms from the people in the shape of tariff bounties with the other.

The tariff protected industries, when they were poor and needed assistance, were worthy objects of a nation's charity but they have long since passed that period of their existence and are now like the nobility in monarchial forms of government, looking upon the imposition of a tax on the balance of the people for their support and enrichment, as a matter of aight.

IT was a trick of ancient warfare, when it was intended to divert attention away from the real object of a military movement, to send a detachment of men to the mountain top with instructions to so place themselves that, catching the reflection of the sunlight upon the burnished faces of their shields they might cast it into the eyes of the enemy "marshalled on the plains below." Thus the enemy, while endeavoring to discover the meaning of the demonstration on the mountain top, would have their attention attracted away and their vigilance relaxed in guarding the lower passes that led to the gates of the citadel and the first warning they had of the near approach of the danger which threatened them was the thunder of the invaders' battering ram upon the inner defences.

The managers of the Republican campaign of Pennsylvania manifestly adopted this same plan of operation. Ignoring entirely the issues which are really existing between the parties in Pennsylvania the great issue of honesty in the conduct of governmental affairs, they are endeavoring to arouse the prejudices of the people and to dazzle their eyes with a brilliant presentation of the national issue. Their journals are filled with able editorials upon questions which relate to national politics alone, and soon from the rostrum in every part of the State will be heard the eloquent voices of the orators of their party of best repute in the nation discussing the tariff, the condition of political affairs in the South and the various other matters which are intended to keep alive the prejudices and fire the zeal of the partisan Republican. Their purpose is plain; they are endeavoring to dodge the issues, but it is the mission of the Democratic organization in the State to force this issue. When the charge is made against the Republican candidate for Governor that he is simply the tool of an autocrat, that he is simply the mouth-piece that voices the utterances of a corrupt "boss", that his political record is that of a monopolist and an autocrat, that he has nothing in comon with the masses of the people of the State, then the answer comes, not in specific dental of these charges, not in any attempt whatever to refute them, but in brilliant efforts to arouse the partisan feelings of the Republicans by eloquent desertations upon the fearful effects that will follow the election of a Democratic Governor, on the tariff and the condition of political affairs in the southern States. When it is charged that the Republican candidate has been guilty of bribery of voters, of perjury, of falsification of records, when he is charged with being guilty of a misdemeanor under the statutes of the State, in that he has as a member of its General Assembly, received at the hands of its treasurer funds belonging to the State to be used and profited by in his own private business, the plea of confession and avoidance is entered and the journals of the party and the campaign orators still continue to talk in flowery language of the dangers of interfering with the policy of the Republican party, of the great wrong that is being done to the Republican voters in the South, etc.

Stand up like men, Republicans, and answer these charges. It will not do for Mr. Delamater simply to say "I am not guilty"; the people demand something more than this when the matter of bribery and perjury and falsification of public records is in question. They demand something more than this the puerile defense that his lawyer told him he might do it, when he is specifically charged with violation of the statute of the Commonwealth by using, as a State Senator, the funds of the Commonwealth in his own private business. When it is charged that he is simply the tool of Quay and the exponent of Quayism in the politics of Pennsylvania, it will not do for him merely to privately deny his allegiance to the great Republican boss in quarters where he believes the knowledge of that allegiance is harming him, and still profit by the assistance of that boss and to depend for his election upon the machinery which is controlled in all its movements by that same power.

Do not dodge the issues, gentlemen of the Republican party. Stop talking on the tariff and kindred subjects and tell the people of Pennsylvania the truth about the matters in which they are interested. Deny if you can the charge that the controlling purpose of the power which backed Delamater in the late Legislature of Pennsylvania was directed against every measure presented which had for its object the betterment of the condition of the laboring and the farming and the other bread winning elements of the people of Pennsylvania. Instead of attempting to awaken the prejudices of the old soldiers of the State by garbled presentations of Governor Pattison's record on military legislation, answer if you will why it is that you have given "promises to the ear to be broken to the hope" to the veterans of the late war concerning the service pension and other national assistance and have given them only a law upon the statute books of Pennsylvania which provides for them a pauper's grave.

The people of Pennsylvania have been educated understandingly in the methods of Quayism. Time and again in the past have they heard the syren song of party fealty sung so sweetly in their ears that they have forgotten the dangers which were threatening them and have turned aside from the defense of those things which make for their best interests in the government of the State. There are sentinels who have come forth from the very camp of the enemy who are watching on the hill tops now to give notice when the false fires of the wreckers gleam along the shores. If the people are properly awakened the demonstration on the hill top will amount to nothing this year; the lower approaches of the citaded will be well guarded and the Republican journals and the Republican orators, charm they never so wisely, will have their labor for their pains.

THE Democratic conference for this Congressional District, will meet at the Mansion House, in Johnstown, today (Friday).

"A Scrap or History."

The Republican managers of Mr. Delamater's campaign in the State of Pennsylvania this year, as they have done in every campaign for the last twenty years, are attempting to arouse the prejudice of the old soldier. They are distributing an illustrated circular entitled "A Scrap of History," in which they show an illustration of a veteran and what they purport to be the Pattison idea of a Potter's Field for the soldier. All this is false and delusive and is in keeping with the argument of the Republican leaders for the election of their corrupt briberiving and bribe taking candidate for Governor. The Republican party for years and years have insulted the dignity and manhood of the soldiers of this country by offering them bribes in the way of offices and the promises of liberal pensions. In 1888 they said to the soldiers of this country if you will vote for Benjamin Harrison we will give you service pensions; we will give you liberal pensions now that you are aged and broken down that your children and your families may not suffer, but the promises have never been fulfilled. As usual profuse and liberal in their promises before election, they fail to keep them afterward.

In 1861 and until 1865 the brave men who followed the starry flag through storm and sunshine, through heat and cold and over many fields of blood, unmindful of death or mutilation of limb or body in their heroic and unselfish efforts to throttle treason that their country might live, received from this government as pay for their service the paltry sum of $13 a month in depreciated currency, while at this time Delamater & Co. and their like were buying up the bonds of the government at sixty cents on the dollar, paying for the same in depreciated money at the time, and afterward, when the war was over, and with the return of peace and prosperity, these money sharks of the Delamater kind, who held the bonds of the United States Government, received full payment for the same in gold and at a premium.

The promise of the government to the bond holders was redeemed in gold, but the promise of the Republican party and its leaders to the soldiers of this country has never redeemed except in this that they come before the people of Pennsylvania and acknowledge their failure to give the veteran the pensions they promised while he lives, but they have provided for the old soldier a pauper burial when he dies, and for that he is asked to vote for their candidate for Governor. Do they think the old veteran devoid of feeling? This pauper burial bill is an insult to the dignity, the manhood, the prosperity of the men who sacrificed health and fortune that the Union might live, while Delamater & Son were getting rich at the expense of the government. In their lack of respect and consideration for the feelings of the family of the veteran this law compels three citizens of the county in which the soldier dies to make a public record of the fact that he was and died a pauper before he can have the benefit of the law. What an insult to the men who have been promised so much by the leaders of the Republican party and given so little.

Preparing for Dirty Politics.

The presence in Pennsylvania of John C. Delaney, ex-Senate Librarian and now Receiver of Public Moneys at Oklahoma, to stump for Delamater, shows that the Republican managers are preparing to flood the State with a corruption fund andthat the notorious Delaney has been selected to disburse it. Years ago, when it was necessary to secure the votes of the notorious Mollie Maguires to save the Republican ring, Delaney was the emissary selected to make the deal. In nearly every campaign until his Oklahoma appointment Delaney has had charge of the dirty work of the party and his presence here at this time shows that the Republicans are so badly frightened that they recognize that they can only succeed by corruption and a liberal expenditure of money.—*Phila. Herald.*

SECTION 4 of Article IX. of the State Constitution says: "The making of profit out of public money or using the same for any purpose not authorized by law by any officer of the State or member or officer of the General Assembly shall be a misdemeanor, and shall be punished as may be provided by law; but part of such punishment shall be disqualification to hold office for a period of not less than five years." Senator Delamater, the Rebublican candidate for Governor, during the years 1887, 1888, and 1889 while he was a member of the General Assembly had deposits of State funds in his bank at Meadville, which he used as capital and for profit. This he does not deny, but claims that he has not been convicted and is therefore exempt from the punishment of being disqualified from holding office for a period of not less than five years.

Killed for His Money.

DOYLESTOWN, Pa., Sept. 23.—A laborer named Hefner, while on his way home about 1 o'clock yesterday morning, in company with his wife from a visit to his brother, was waylaid and choked to death. Hefner and his wife were walking on the track when two men confronted them. The woman was told to go home and mind the babies, the men saying they had business with her husband. They pushed her aside and she fled back to Rush valley and informed her brother-in-law. When they returned Hefner's dead body was found lying on the track. Eight hundred dollars in money contained in a belt worn by the dead man was missing. The murderers escaped.

A New Phase of the Case.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* telegraphs his paper that Kennedy is not the prime mover in the battle against the junior Senator from Pennsylvania. Reed and McKinley, together with Lodge, are back of the scheme, by which it is hoped to overthrow Senator Quay's supremacy as chairman of the National committee. Reed has his eye fixed on the presidential nomination of 1892. It is equally well known that Senator Quay is decidedly opposed to him. Kennedy, it is asserted, was used as a tool and guaranteed protection, and that he submitted his speech to Reed, McKinley and Cannon before printing it.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guranteed to do all it claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples' boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive malarial from the system, and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50cts. and $1.00 per bottle at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

A DISPATCH from Albany, N.Y., says Third-Vice President Webb, who has been on a tour of inspection of the New York Central Railroad, said that none of the strikers on the road between Buffalo and Albany will be reinstated. It has been firmly determined not to re-employ men who have been doing all in their power for the last six weeks to injure the road.

The Venable Contest.

The Venable Langston case in the House of Representatives is likely to play an important part in political discussion because of its relations to crowding business at the close of the session, and on account of the demonstration it has afforded of the inefficiency of the new Reed rules. The photographic trick of Friday shows that the Republicans will endeavor to make capital out of the contest. It is important that the Democratic position should be clearly understood.

In the Fourth Virginia District at the Congressional election of 1888 there were three candidates, Mr. Venable being opposed by Proffessor Langston, Independent Republican, and Arnold, Regular Republican. Langston, who has been known as "the colored Mugwump," was fairly beaten by Venable by 572 votes. The figures have never been seriously questioned, and it was not until the mugwump professor made terms with the Republican Machine in Virginia that the idea of unseating Venable was entertained.

Langston's claim rests wholly upon one of those partisan decisions for party's sake, and without regard to justice, the prevalence of which ex-Czar Reed acknowledged in the *North American Review*. The question presented to the Democrats is whether they shall become active instruments in perpetrating an injustice upon which the Republicans have resolved.

Under Reed's quorum-counting system a Democrat present in the House when the vote is given goes for as much in determining the result as if he were a Republican present and voting with his side. The Democratic members say in effect to ex-Czar Reed and his fellow-Republicans: "If you want to do a wrong and perpetrate a fraud upon the country, you must do it yourselves. We will not help you. Our duty to the country and to our colleagues forbids us to aid you. If we remain and are counted as present in the House, you will, by a minority vote, turn out an elected member and put in his seat a man who was defeated. If you wish to consummate this outrage, you must send for your own men and do it on your own account. You have a majority of the House. You have made it large enough for your purposes by unrighteous decisions in contested cases. If you are bent upon doing more work of the same kind, you must bring your majority here to do your voting. We will not do it."

The country will sustain the Democratic Representatives. It is out of all reason that Republican Congressmen should be permitted to absent themselves from Washington and neglect their duty, and yet expect Democrats who remain at the capitol to do their work for them by assenting to being counted to help a verdict against conscience and in fraud of voter's rights. —*N. Y. Star.*

Railroad Wreck.

READING, PA., Sept. 20.— A wreck occurred on the Reading railroad seventeen miles above this place at about 5:45 last night. If everything is borne out by subsequent developments, it is the worst wreck that has ever occurred in this section in the history of the Reading Railroad company. The train which met with disaster left this city at 6:10 o'clock, ten minutes late. It is known as the Pottsville express and was running at the rate of at least forty-five miles an hour. It had on board probably 125 to 150 passengers and consisted of engine, mail and express cars and three passenger cars. At Shoemakerville, about fifteen miles above this city, there is a curve where the railroad is about eighteen to twenty feet higher than the Schuylkill river. Here, shortly before 6 o'clock, a freight train ran into a coal train, throwing several cars of the latter on the opposite track and before the train hands had time to go back to warn any approaching train of the danger the Pottsville express came around the curve and ran into the wrecked coal cars on its track. The engine went down the embankment, followed by the entire train with its human freight. The scene, which was one of great horror, can better be imagined than described. The cries of the imprisoned passengers were heartrendering. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who participated and survived. Some of the passengers managed to crawl out of their prison and aroused the neighborhood. Word was telegraphed to this city and help summoned, but all information was refused at this point by the railroad officials. Physicians and surgeons an a force of 300 workmen were taken to the spot, and the work of clearing away the wreck was at once proceeded with. Work was slow and the dead and dying were taken out with great difficulty. At an early hour this morning thirteen dead and some thirty wounded had been taken out. Of the latter some were brought here and others taken to the Miners' hospital, at Ashland.

An Eventful Sea Voyage.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 23.—The American line steamship Ohio, Captain Sergent which arrived here from Liverpool on Sunday, had an eventful passage. Two of her passengers, both Irishmen, were taken with delirium tremens when the ship was a few days out, and raised such a disturbance among the passengers that it was found necessary to put them in irons. They were kept in irons for a week, and they raved like maniacs. Another passenger, William Petzole, a German, aged thirty-five, committed suicide on September 17 another passenger, Miss Anna Kalghn, of Camden, N. J., died of pheumonia.

Four Millions Homeless.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 19.—The Steamship City of Rio Janeris brings Chinese advices to Aug. 21, and Japanese advices to Aug. 29. The Yellow River flood and other floods continue to absorb attention in China. In the province of Chihli 4,000,000 people are homeless and the misery in Shanghai is almost as great. Cholera is prevalent in Shanghai and also in the northern districts. Several Europeans have succumbed to it.

The British ship Esther Roy, from New York, April 15 for Hong Kong, was ashore Aug. 19 at Sunda Straits.

Vigorous Protest.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—Henry A. Brown, the noted Ex-Treasurer Department sugar expert, has sent a letter embodying a vigorous protest against the tariff bill sugar schedule to Senator Aldrich and the tariff bill conferees, in which he says the provisions of the sugar schedule of the tariff bill as it came from the house and as it now stands with the Senate amendments is a complete surrender of the people's interests to foreign producers and rugar refiners, and is already boasted of as such by them.

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. O. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with abscess of lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable consumptive: Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for consumptive, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest remedy ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption I would have died of lung troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

EXPOSITION AT PITTSBURGH, Opens Sept. 3d, Closes Oct. 18th
ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

Hopper : Bros. : & : Co.

Extend to you a Hearty Invitation when You Visit the City to Call and Examine their Stock of

RED ROOM FURNITURE,
PARLOR FURNITURE,
Carpets, Lace Curtains,
Dining and Kitchen Furniture,
Bedding, Stoves and Ranges.

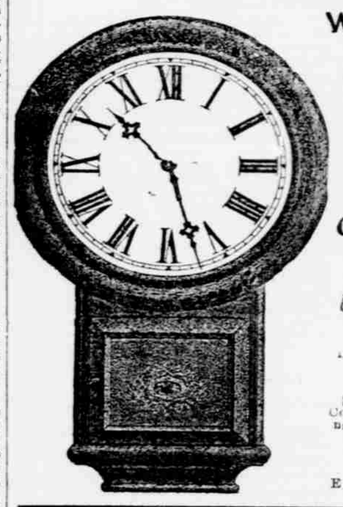
We furnish everything that pertains to the proper fitting of a house at lower prices than can be had elsewhere in the city.

WE ARE NEAR THE EXPOSITION.

Cars from the B. & O. and P. R. R. Depots pass our Doors. Will gladly Give any information necessary.

HOPPER BROS. & CO.,
307 WOOD STREET, PITTSBURG.
sep5 6t

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.
Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches.
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

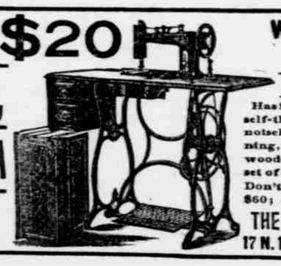
My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
CARL RIVINIUS
Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

Eckenrode - & - Hoppel,
—DEALERS IN—
General : Merchandise,
CLOTHING, FLOUR, FEED,
Lumber and Shingles. We keep our Stock always Full and Complete. Give us a Call.
Eckenrode & Hoppel,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.

EVERY **WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF**
BE UP TO THE MARK
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!
BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE ELLULOID MARK.
NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.
mar.28-1y

ONLY $20
HIGH ARM, PHILAD'A SINGER.

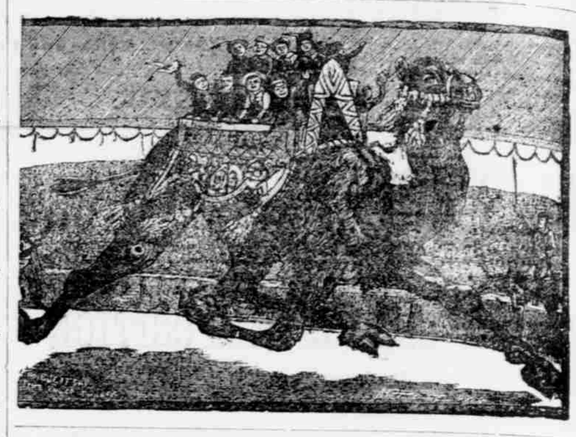


WARRANTED 5 YEARS.
15 DAYS TRIAL.
Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $55 or $60; send for circular.
THE C. A. WOOD CO.
17 N. 10th St., Phila., Pa.

"Thrift is a good revenue"
Great Saving
results from cleanliness and SAPOLIO:
It is a solid cake of scouring soap.
Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

RINGLING BROS'.
UNITED MONSTER
Railroad - Shows!



—GREAT TRIPLE CIRCUS MUSEUM, MENAGERIE:—
Roman Hippodrome & Universal World's Exposition.
WILL EXHIBIT AT
EBENSBURG, PA.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4.
NOTE.—Owing to an agreement of the American Showmen's Pooled League Association this will be the only BIG SHOW to visit Ebensburg this year.

The Show of all New Features!
The Indescribable, Tremendous Monster of Brute Creation, the
LARGEST HIPPOPOTAMOUS IN CAPTIVITY.
The Monster Blood-Sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ.
250--HEAD OF HORSES--250
200—STAR CIRCUS PERFORMERS—200.
80--SENSATIONAL ACTS--80
75--Eminent Musicians--75
5-GREAT GLORIOUS BANDS OF MUSIC-5
7—of its Countless Dens Wide Open in Full Parade—7
10-Ordinary Menageries in 1-10
3—GRAND COMPLETE CIRCUS COMPANIES—3
Ten Acres of Exhiliarating Sights

1--Ticket Admits to All--1
PONDEROUS HERD OF PERFORMING ELEPHANTS.
RINGLING BROS.' LATEST SPECTACULAR TRIUMPH.
THE MUSTER OF THE NATIONS.
The new found monster, the mammoth amphibious Bovolapsus. First and only real World's Horse Fair. Only real African Zebras in America. Only the Champion Riders in the Great Triple Circus. Most thrilling Hippodrome sensations. Royal Heathen Actors from far-off Japan Most wonderful Elephantine features. Fanny the Baby Elephant.
BABYLON, THE LARGEST ELEPHANT ON EARTH.
Spot, the Lilliputian Clown Elephant,
Jewel, the Only Umbrella Eared Elephant
ON THIS CONTINENT.
ANIMALS THAT WILL DO EVERYTHING BUT TALK.
Performing Elephants, Acting Horses, Dancing Stallions, Leaping Elephants, Gymnastic Dogs, Educated Ponies, Clown Donkeys, Performing Monkeys Pigs and Goats, Trained Lions, Hyenas, Tigers, Panthers and Leopards.
To give our visitors plenty of time to inspect our grand Double Menagerie this department will always be open fully one hour before the Circus and Hippodrome performances commence. The afternoon and night performances will always be equal and complete and under no circumstances abbreviated, cut or neglected.
The Magnificent Free Street Parade,
which takes place every morning at 10 o'clock, is the Largest Longest, Richest and Most generally Resplendent gratuitous Display, representing with the most splendid effect and Impressive Truthfulness.
A Grand Triumphal March of Nations.
Never before in the History of American amusements has any Show or Combination of Shows had the wealth, enterprise or pluck to attempt anything approaching in magnitude and magnificence this Grant Triumph of Free Street Demonstrations.
ONE 50 CENT TICKET
admits to all the Combined Shows. Children under Twelve years of age, HALF PRICE.
Two Grand, Complete Performances
Daily, afternoon and evening. Doors open at 1 and 7 P. M. Ring Performances one hour later.
WILL EXHIBIT AT EBENSBURG,
SATURDAY, - OCTOBER - 4TH.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - SEPT. 26, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—There will be no apple butter boilings this year.

—The Indiana county fair opens at Indiana on Tuesday of next week.

—Mr. John Anstead, of Gallitzin, spent a few hours in town on Monday.

—Mr. Nicholas Lambour, of Nicktown, called in to see us on Thursday.

—Ex-Governor Pattison, will be at the Johnsburg Fair on Thursday October 9th.

—A great many of our farmers complain that potatoes are rotting in the ground.

—Mr. William Kimball has moved into Mr. C. L. Davis property on Julian street.

—The Pardon Board has again continued hearing in the case of the Nicely brothers.

—The buckwheat crop has turned out better than was expected early in the season.

—The corner stone of a new Presbyterian church was laid at Hastings on Monday last.

—Mrs. J. M. Ferry, of Olliver, Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fes Lloyd, of this place.

—All kinds of job work neatly and promptly printed at this office at reasonable rates.

—The State Convention of County Commissioners will meet in Williamsport on October 13th.

—Father Kittell, of Tyrone, is about commencing the erection of a new Catholic church in that place.

—Come to the fair meeting, at the Council room on Friday night, and give it all the encouragement and assistance you can.

—Mr. Harry Fenlon, of Bellefonte, Pa., spent a few days in town on a visit to his many friends during the present week.

—Mr. Charles Ingold, of Hollidaysburg, has purchased the Wentroth hotel at Summerhill paying therefor the sum of $7,000.

—Misses. Lemuel and Elias Hughes, both of whom are visiting their old home in Summerhill township, after an absence of six years.

—Eastern prisoners were landed in jail on Saturday, being brought up from Gallitzin with 30 days' sentence for "general cussedness."

—The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Mrs. A. R. Read, who has a very desirable home in the suburbs of town for sale.

—Mr. Leonard Hartman, one of Hastings' enterprising citizens, was a visitor to town on Tuesday, and as a matter of course, called in to see the FREEMAN.

—Father McEvoy, formerly pastor of the Catholic church at Meyersdale, Somerset county, has been appointed pastor of the Catholic church at St. Augustine.

—W. C. Purdy, who was convicted at Bedford for the murder of Samuel E. Yeager, a former resident of Johnstown, was sentenced to be hanged.

—Mr. Berg Crouse and wife, have gone to Summerhill, for a short time to take charge of a boarding house, during the building of a bridge at that place.

—Don't forget that the only show in America that possesses real African zebras is the Ringling Brothers' monster railroad shows. They exhibit at Ebensburg, Saturday, October 4th.

—Father Tahaney, pastor of the Catholic congregation at Johnstown, has contracted with Messrs. Hoover, Hughes & Co. for the erection of a school building to cost $40,000.

—A nine hundred pound porker that was the pet of the Denny House intended for the table, would not wait for the butcher on Thursday morning laid down and died.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. R. Hoover, 930 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business. Attested by thousands of cures after all else failed.

—Another column will be found the advertisement of the Borough of Ebensburg, containing a letting of the construction of the dam in the new water works. Contractors should make a note of it.

—An unknown man was instantly killed by the Express two miles west of Altoona last Saturday evening. He was about sixty years of age, and on his person were found a pocket knife and rosary beads.

—Mr. Jesse Baird, an Altoona man, while gathering chestnuts on Brush mountain, recently, on Friday last fell from a tree a distance of twenty five feet, and was severely but not dangerously injured.

—Captain Hugh Bradley, of Johnstown, Cambria county, while crossing of last week stumbled and fell forward over a foundation wall, striking his face below on his head and shoulders, sustaining severe injuries.

—Mr. Samuel Martin Chilcoat, of Carbon township, Huntingdon county, while trying to pull a loaded gun through a fence, discharged the weapon, the load tearing off one of his arms below the elbow.

—Have a speedy and positive Cure for Croup, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Sore Throat, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A few doses will relieve. One bottle free with each bottle. Use it for bad breath and sweet breath.

—Good comes from the Lebanon county election, the alliance that 5,000 Republicans in Lebanon county would vote for Pattison. This estimate was declared to be the election of the President of the alliance.

—Mr. Wagle Dunegan, daughter of E. Dunegan, Esq., of St. Augustine, was thrown from a buggy while returning home from the springs on Tuesday, and sustained a fracture of one of her legs near the ankle.

—In the collapse of the large iron bridge at Johnstown on Monday, two men were killed, ten others seriously injured. The bridge was of immense strength and had just been completed, and its collapse cannot be accounted for.

—The Farmers' Alliance of Cambria county will meet at Naylor's station on Saturday, October 4th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. A full attendance is requested as business of importance will be considered.

LEWIS BEHE, Pres't.

—The Prohibition State Committee met at Harrisburg on Wednesday and nominated Hon. Jos. M. Swan, of Westmoreland county, for Auditor General, to take the place of Charles Miller, of Orange county, who declined. The members of the committee were then driven to Ebensburg on Saturday, and, we see the blood sweating, the largest living hippopotamus in captivity, with the great Ringling Brothers' stupendous new railroad Circus, Menagerie, Roman Hippodrome and Universal World's Exposition.

—There are still a few borough bonds for sale. Persons wanting a safe investment will do well to call on Evan E. Evans, burgess, or F. C. Lloyd, deputy burgess.

—The barn of A. M. Hall, in Washington township, Westmoreland county, with all the year's crop, was destroyed by fire on Sunday night. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lantern in the hands of a member of the family. Loss, $2,500; no insurance.

—Mrs. Lucinda Cullen, wife of Mr. Charles Cullen, of Portage township, died at her home in that township on Thursday of last week. The deceased was a daughter of Mr. John Hughes, (farmer,) of Cambria township and a sister of Mrs. G. L. Fredericks, of this place.

—A freight engine and a caboose collided near Derry, on Sunday night, wrecking the caboose and, it is thought, fatally injuring Conductor J. N. Caldwell, of New Florence, and Flagman Newton Aikens, of Derry. Three other trainmen were seriously hurt, but all will recover.

—Captain H. D. Woodruff, father of Hon. L. D. Woodruff, editor of the Johnstown *Democrat*, died at the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Charles L. Tittle, in Blairsville, on Monday last, aged 65 years. His remains were interred in Grand View cemetery, Johnstown, on Wednesday.

—Martin King, a miner, aged about forty years, who had been working at Lilly, but left with the intention of going to Saxton, Bedford county, fell through a railroad bridge at Tyrone on Saturday night, a distance of twenty feet to the public road, and was instantly killed. His remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Tyrone on Monday.

—The Leechburg *Reporter* says: "Typhoid fever is raging at Hillville, near this place. The town has a population of about one hundred and fifty; almost one third of that number are down with the disease. So far but one death has occurred, and every effort is being made to stop the progress of the scourge. The cause of the epidemic is believed to be impure water."

—George Bulan, a Hungarian miner working near Summerhill, attempted to get off a moving train at that place on Monday afternoon, and in doing so fell with his left leg across the track and one wheel of the first car passed over it, crushing it to a jelly. He was taken on an east-bound train to the Altoona Hospital, where the mangled member was amputated near the knee.

—Messrs. William and Thomas Doran of Summerhill township, were in town for a few hours on Thursday. They are the only farmers in this county that we have heard of this year, who were lucky enough to have a sufficient number of apples to make cider. They report having two or three hundred bushels whereas in ordinary years, they generally have that many thousand.

—A cough syrup in which onions form an important ingredient is made by taking one cup of molasses, one cup of vinegar and one half cup of cut up onions. Put on the stove and simmer about half an hour, or until the onions are soft. Then remove and strain. Take a teaspoonful of this frequently, when troubled with a cough, and unless very deep seated it will not last very long.

—At Ebensburg, Saturday, October 4th, at 10 o'clock in the morning, the largest, longest, richest, rarest grand free street parade ever beheld will be given exactly as advertised and in its entire immensity of transcendent splendor, wild beasts, bands, gorgeous chariots, wide-open dens and glorious art and dress in ravishing array. Don't forget it. Free to everybody. Be sure to take it in.

—On Saturday last Johnson May and George Hillegrass, of West End, Bedford county, were out hunting and on their way home stopped to talk before parting, taking seats on a fence. Mr. May rested the butt of his gun on a log below. The gun slipped, the hammer struck the log and the weapon was discharged. The whole charge entered May's breast, killing him almost instantly. He was about 18 years of age.

—Don't forget that the Ringling Brothers' big railroad show, which exhibits at Ebensburg, Saturday, October 4th, has the greatest variety of elephants of any show in this country. Among them are Babylon, the largest elephant on earth; Fanny, the baby elephant; Spot, the lilliputian clown elephant; Jewell, the umbrella-eared elephant. Also the greatest performing herd of elephants ever seen on this continent.

—Lizzie Bittner, the 14-year-old daughter, of Eli Bittner, of Somerset county, while assisting her father to thresh buckwheat on Monday afternoon, gathered up an armful of straw and threw it into the mouth of the machine and in attempting to push it in had her hand caught between the teeth of the machine and her arm torn off at the elbow. The arm was amputated by Dr. Louther, of Somerset, about two inches above the elbow.

—Iowa has passed a stringent tramp law. It declares that any male person 16 years of age or over who is physically able to work, who is wandering about begging or idle and who cannot show reasonable efforts to secure employment, shall be deemed a tramp, sent to jail and put at hard work. While in jail he shall not be allowed tobacco, liquors, sporting or illustrated newspapers, cards or any other means of amusement.

—Elias Berkey, who works on a steam saw mill in Somerset county, stepped on the moving carriage of the mill on Friday last, when his pants caught on one of the iron dogs for holding the logs in their place, and before he could get loose or the carriage stopped, he was forced against the revolving saw and his left foot was severed at the knee. It was afterward amputated by a physician and the man at latest accounts was doing as well as could be expected.

-An exchange pertinently remarks: We have good schools in America, and we can have good roads if some of the same attention and appliances were directed to them. The State gives money to the school districts, and it might give money to the road supervisors and hold them responsible for its judicious use. What kind of public schools would we have to-day if the communities were left to do as they please about the matter? Let the public roads answer.

—At a meeting of the Cambria County Sunday School Convention held in this place last week the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, David J. Jones, of Johnstown; Vice President, John Gittings, of Jackson township; Secretary, Geo. A. Kinkead, of Ebensburg; Treasurer, John E. Hill, of Morrellville. Executive Committee—W. C. Lewis, Johnstown; Wm. J. Jones, Portage; N. L. George, South Fork; Thomas S. Callon, Lilly; J. C. Martin, Portage.

—It was expected that the plans would have been completed and the contract let this summer for the Memorial Hospital which the State Flood Commission some time ago decided to build in this place, but the expectation has not been realized. Mr. J. B. Scott, who has charge of the matter, has been in Europe, and during his absence the architect did nothing on the plans. It is probable that the contract for the building will be let during the winter and work commenced in the spring.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior work manship of their designs as evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They ordered forty tons of marble which arrived in April, and now have as fine, if not the finest, stock on the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in the line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worse cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a Cough we earnestly ask you to try it Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your Lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Soldby Dr. J T. Davison.

Buckien's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalize, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J Davison.

The Great Leaping Horse.

Spider is the horse that leaps over the backs of a group of full grown equines. Sultan dances the polka and Captain calculates in figures. All but a small part of the trained animal exhibits at the Ringling Brothers' Big Moral Railroad Shows at Ebensburg, Saturday, October 4th.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J.Davison.

A New Idea

A new idea embraced in Ely's Cream Balm. Catarrh is cured by cleansing and healing, not by drying up. It is not a liquid or snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. Its effect is magical and a thorough treatment will cure the worst cases. Price 50c.

With

Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain or dread and with perfect safety. Try the remedy. It cures catarrh, hay fever and colds in the head. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief with the first application. Price 50c.

—A report that President Harrison would attend services at the Presbyterian Church, this place, on Sunday last, filled that edifice to overflowing at the morning service. President Harrison, however, failed to materialize, but all the same the number who "did not go to church on that account" was a source of wonderment to the beholders.

—Somerset county has had another case of masked burglars. One night recently masked burglars entered a hut near Somerset, occupied by Lobengier Kimmell, an old man of 70, tied him to the bed post with wire and ransacked the house. They succeeded in finding $120 in gold, which had been received the day before by Kimmel for a horse that he had sold.

—While an east bound freight train was ascending the western slope of the mountain on last Friday morning, when near Cresson, eight cars became uncoupled from the train and started back down the grade at a terrific rate. Near Ben's Creek they run into an east bound freight train and piled up all around the engine. The engineer, W. J. Potter, received a number of cuts and bruises but luckily was not dangerously hurt, while the fireman had his ankle badly sprained.

—A statement of the business of all the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company east of Pittsburg and Erie for August 1890, as compared with the same month in 1889, shows a decrease in net earnings of $340,438. The eight months compared with the same period in 1889 show a decrease in the net earnings of $274,860. All the lines west of Pittsburg and Erie for August, 1890, compared with the same month in 1889, show a decrease in net earnings of $22,818. The eight months of 1890, compared with the same period of 1889, show an increase in net earnings of $1,079,773.

—An excursion train will run over the Pennsylvania and Northwestern railroad and its connections, from Bellwood to Niagara Falls on Monday, September 29th, the fare for the round trip being only $5 00. The train will leave Bellwood at 3:28 P. M. In order to afford to the patrons of this excursion an opportunity to combine a visit to the great Niagara Falls with a day in Buffalo, arrangements have been made whereby the excursion train will pass through Buffalo en route to the Falls and returning. Excursionists can remain over night in Buffalo on Tuesday, September 30th, and visit the Falls on Wednesday, October 1st, and their tickets will be honored for passage from or to Buffalo on regular trains of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

—The "Cutler Manufacturing Company" has recently had a representative—Mr. Moffit—at Summerhill looking at a site for an iron plant. The company is at present operating in Pittsburg. Mr. Moffitt stated that if the people of Summerhill would furnish a site and a certain amount of capital his company will locate there. The people of Summerhill have offered the company a donation of $5 500, ten acres of land, and the coal right under the ten acres. The latter offer is made by Messrs. Griffith, Brown, and Stineman. Mr. Moffit guarantees that in the event of his company locating at Summerhill it will employ at the start at least one hundred men, 80 per cent. of them to be skilled mechanics. The company manufactures brass and malleable iron castings and a great variety of novelties.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior work manship of their designs as evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They ordered forty tons of marble which arrived in April, and now have as fine, if not the finest, stock on the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in the line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

The Nicely Case.

A special from Harrisburg to the Pittsburg *Dispatch* says: Counsel for Joseph and David Nicely, the murderers of Herman Umberger, of Somerset county, who was shot and robbed of more than $16,000 over a year ago, were not ready for argument on the applications for a rehearing before the board of pardons, and a continuance was asked and obtained until the next session. The application for a rehearing is based on a remarkable statement made by a man giving the name of John Beach, one of the alleged murderers of Umberger. Beach states that the murder was planned at Johnstown about a year before its commission. A man named Miller and he went into the farmer's house, the former shooting three or four times. A shoeful money was secured. A book agent and several other persons who were in the plot were on the outside.

After the murder the party started for Latrobe, and after traveling several miles the plunder was divided at the forks of a road. When they learned of the arrest of the Nicely brothers Beach started for Kansas City and Miller for Cumberland, Md. Beach says he supposes Miller was lost in the Johnstown flood. The request for a rehearing is based, in addition to the alleged confession of Beach, on a deposition made by a man who says he saw one of the accused brothers fifteen miles from the scene of the Umberger tragedy between two and three hours before it was perpetrated. The confession of Beach was left with Elijah P. King, justice of the peace of Somerset county, by the alleged murderer, who made oath to the truth of the paper without telling King its contents. The next day the justice of the peace read the startling document. The Board of pardons posponed the hearing of the case till October.

Communication.

McKEE'S ROCKS, PA., Sept. 24, 1890.

DEAR SIR.—During a conversation with some friends and former Cambria county neighbors as to the benefits that would result to the farmers of that county by a strong Farmers' Alliance, I was asked if I was acquainted with Luke Behe, President of the Alliance of your county.

In answer, we were members of the same company and regiment for three years during the late war and part of the time, mess mates. Further, would say that all officers who had official acquaintance with Luke Behe spoke of him in the highest terms. He performed duties that brought him in contact with Generals Geary, Williams and Banks. On Pope's retreat, he belonged to a famous scouting party of thirteen that left us at Bull's Run Bridge, and did not return until after the army was some days in Maryland. They reported personally to General McClellan and were highly commended by him for the manner in which they had performed their duty, having lost but one man, while they captured eighteen rebels whom they were compelled to keep prisoners to avoid being betrayed by them. Our own officers spoke of Luke Behe as a model soldier, true as steel. As clerk at headquarters I had exceptional chance of knowing what our officers thought of him. His name was frequently brought up and always spoken of in the highest terms.

As to my personal knowledge, I can truly say that in ever emergency where coolness and courage were needed, Mr. Behe could be replied upon. In fact, he was several times sent beyond the lines of our army and twice into the Confederate army, always equal to the duty required of him. Our comrades will say the same.

A. J. WATT,
Late of 28th P. V.

The Fair.

The meeting at the Council room on last Friday was well attended and the object, that of having a fair and race track at Ebensburg in the near future, was unanimously urged by every one in attendance.

John Lloyd was elected chairman and A. W. Buck, secretary of the meeting.

A committee consisting of E. B. Cresswell, E. James, P. F. Brown, J. A. Shoemaker and Dr. T. M. Richards was appointed to make general arrangements for the organization of the Association, select a site and secure the ground. A committee was also appointed to solicit stock.

The site selected by the committee is on the farm of Mr. Elias Jones, ¼ mile north of the borough limits, and has been secured by an agreement by which the Association leases the ground for a period of ten years at an annual rental of $125, with the privilege of buying at any time during the term of the lease, for the sum of $1,200. The ground consists of about sixteen acres and is well located and adaped for the purpose.

The ground was surveyed on Tuesday and a half mile track laid out. Work on the track will be commenced at once and completed this Fall. The estimated cost of the track is about $1,000.

The committee soliciting stock are meeting with encouragement in every place and there is now no question of the successful termination of the tenterprise. The "Ebensburg Agricultural Society," the name adopted, is bound to be a success and we hope everyone will lend a helping hand.

The stock is placed on the market at $10 per share. Buy some.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, September 24, 1890.

S. L. Griffith and Annie J. Wilson, Conemaugh township.

Isaac H. Detwiler, Johnstown and Catherine Stull, Richland township.

Stanislaus Moszark and Annie Wah, Gallitzin.

Edward L. Landers and Genevieve Doughery, Gallitzin.

Joseph Peter Myer, Altoona, Pa. and Mary Evaline Delozier, Ashville.

James B. O'Connor and Annie M. Brady, Johnstown.

John Lorditch and Ida Saly, Morrellville.

James Laurence Russel and Libbie R. Ely, Johnstown.

Neil Harkins, Conemaugh township and Catharine Dugan, Wilmore.

Samuel W. Pearse, Johnstown and Minnie E. Harshberger, Adams township.

Edwin D. Kemery and Mary A. Everhart, Johnstown.

Joseph M. Shomo and Martha E. Strayer, West Taylor township.

E. N. Wilson, Johnstown and Jennie Bolar, Morrellville.

Harry P. Rhoads, Blairsville Intersection, Pa. and Lizzie L. Hill, Conemaugh.

The Great World's Horse Fair.

The great World's Horse Fair of the Ringling Brothers' new colossal railroad Circus Museum and Menagerie is the most magnificent and instructive international display of draft, trotting and running horses ever assembled, in addition to which may be mentioned the immense throngs of Shetland ponies, and Arabian, Kentucky, Trakene and Ukrane horses, collectively forming a numerical strength of over two hundred and fifty noble specimens of aristocratic horse flesh. No extra charges to see this imposing addition. Everything advertised exhibited with the great Ringling show at Ebensburg Saturday, October 4th.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., NEW YORK.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY

Trade Mark. On Every Bottle.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates.

Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other iron medicines do.*

MRS. ELIZABETH BAIRD, 74 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., says, under date of Dec. 20th, 1889:

"I have used Brown's Iron Bitters, and it has been more than a doctor to me, having cured me of the weakness ladies have in life. Also cured me of Liver Complaint, and now my complexion is clear and good. The also been beneficial to my children."

MRS. LOUISA C. BRAGDON, East Lockport, N. Y., says: "I have suffered untold misery from Female Complaints, and could obtain relief from nothing except Brown's Iron Bitters."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

This double eagle, the National emblem of all the Russias, appears in this connection as the special trade-mark of the

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

which is working such wonders with all Rheumatic sufferers who have ever tried it.

IT COMPLETELY CURED

J. F. NEWTON, 618 Broadway, Camden, N. J., Who says: "I was so severely afflicted with rheumatism that I had to carry my arm in a sling. My hands were swollen, my fingers stiff and the pain so intense that for seventeen nights I was unable to sleep. Doctors did me no good. I tried everything; nothing helped me. A friend suggested the Russian Rheumatism Cure. I tried it. Inside of one week I had full use of arm and hand, and have been well ever since."

It has cured every one afflicted with rheumatism who has given it a fair trial.

ONE BOX DOES THE BUSINESS.

Price $2.50. } If mailed 10c. additional.
If registered 20c. more.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

LETTING.

NOTICE is hereby given that bids will be received by the Borough of Ebensburg for the

CONSTRUCTION OF A DAM

in connection with the present water supply of said borough, and for ditching and trenching in connection therewith, in accordance with plans and specifications to be seen at the store room of the undersigned in said borough. That bids will be received for the construction of the dam and ditching or trenching as a whole or separately. Such bids will be received up to

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6TH, 1890,

at 7 o'clock, P. M. All bids should be handed or mailed to the undersigned on or before the time mentioned above. The borough authorities reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

EVAN E. EVANS,
Burgess.

Attest: W. H. CONNELL, Clerk.
Sept. 26.

ARGUMENT LIST.

October 6th, 1890.

Carrel.....vs. Saxman.
Commonwealth.....vs. Jas. Green et al.
Commonwealth.....vs. Irons et al.
In re exceptions to opening Baumer street Johnstown.
Clifford.....vs. Edwards.
In re petition to set aside sale of real estate Cambria Land Company.
Directors of Poor.....vs. Jacob Thomas.
Evans et al.....vs. Reese et al.
In re incorporation of Morrellville borough.
In re road in Susquehanna township and Elder in re rules on Adam Myers, Committee.
Weil.....vs. Parrish.
Hite.....vs. Cambria Land Co.
Pindle.....vs. Same.
In re bridge over Clearfield creek.
In re exceptions to report of Auditor in P. M. & B. C George est.
Farrell.....vs. Weakland.
Chaplin.....vs. Notley & Harter.
In re exception to incorporation of Portage borough.
Gray.....vs. Gray & Wyland.
Rider.....vs. Roberts.
In re rule on R. E. Cresswell, Esq.

J. C. DARBY,
Prothontary.

Sept. 26, 1890.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT YOU CAN BUY

Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Guns at $8.50; Double Barrel Muzzle Loading Guns at $4.98; Single Barrel Shot Guns at $2.50, and all other goods at equally low prices.

ALSO A FULL LINE OF

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

K. SMIT.

932 & 934 Liberty St., Cor. Smithfield,
PITTSBURG, PA.

Send for our large annual Illustrated Catalogue, No. 15, free of charge. sep26.3m

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby notified that I have purchased all the household goods of Leonard Hartman in the Central Hotel at Hastings, Cambria county, Pa., and all the household goods in the house occupied by said Hartman, corner Beaver street and Fourth avenue, and have left the same with E. M. Wooden in the hotel at my pleasure, and the goods in house occupied by Hartman at my will and pleasure. All persons are notified not to disturb any of said goods. JOHN BEUK,
Sept. 26.3t Elder Twp., Cambria Co., Pa.

ARGUMENT LIST.

September Term, 1890.

No. 1. In the matter of the citation to John Coad, Jr., administrator of John Coad, Sr., deceased, to file an account.

No. 2. In the matter of the citation to William Riblett, in the estate of Bartholomew Riblett, late of Conemaugh township, (now West Taylor township,) deceased.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR,
Ebensburg, Pa., Sept. 26, 1890. Clerk O. C.

ALEXANDER INSTITUTE.

A military Boarding School at White Plains, N. Y., 23 miles from New York City by Rail. Fits boys for College or Business pursuits. Number of pupils from 40 to 45. Number of teachers 5. Price of Board and Tuition per annum $400. For circulars and full information apply to the Principal, O. E. WILLIS, Ph., D

ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers, 100 Page Pamphlet 10c.

Gus. Simon's Card to the

Intelligent - People

of the Mountain Top.

BY DEALING WITH GUS. SIMON, {Oceans of Money Saved} GALLITZIN'S FAMOUS CLOTHIER.

A $40,000 Stock to Select from.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes, Furniture, Hats, and Caps, at prices that will astonish everybody. Bring this Bill with you and be sure to ask for what is published on it, as we have all in abundance and none need go away empty. Come along.

CALICO.—A big lot of new styles at 4 cents; Pasaic 5½ cents; the Washington Nove ty, full Standard, 6 cents; Hartel Staples, 6 cents; fancy Indigo prints, 5, 6 and 7 cents; oil covered prints in red, blue and green at 6 and 7 cents; Sateens, all patterns, at 8 cents; standard dark prints at 5 cents.

GINGHAMS AND CHAMBREES.—A good apron check, 5 cents. Staple and fancy 6 cents. Staple checks, blue, green and brown, 6 and 7 cents. Splendid styles in dress ginghams, 7, 8 and 9 cents. Wyoming dress ginghams, 8 cents. Plain chambrees, 7 and 8 cents. Toll de Nord, in plaid and stripes, 8½ cents.

REMNANT SALE OF 1,000 yards of Calico and Muslin at one-half price.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS.—Bleached Muslins at 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents. 4/4 Middle Sex at 6 cents. 4/4 one of the finest at 8 cents. 4/4 Daisy, 7 cents. 4/4 Golden Nod and no Dicker, 7 cents. Our "A No. 1," 8 cents. 4/4 Pennant, 8 cents. 5/4 Pillow case muslin, 10 cents. "Pride of the West," 14½ cents. Corset Jean, 7 cents.

TICKING.—Fancy Ticking at 8 cents. Uxbridge, blue striped, 10 cents. Harvard feather, 12 cents. XXXX special article 15 cents. Double fold satin tick, high colors, 18 cents. Also, a large line of remnants in ticking. Come early.

BUSINESS IS ALWAYS BOOMING AT SIMON'S STORE.

Everybody is complaining of dull times while we are doing a rattling business all the time. The only trouble we now experience is the fact that we cannot get goods in fast enough.

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.—No larger line kept in the United States. Big Drive, 3 by 4, gray twilled flannel, 12 cents. Another gray twilled, 15 cents. White flannel, best, 25 cents. White domet, 8 cents. Red wool flannel, plain, 20, 25 and 30 cents. Nice plain, blue twilled, 20, 25, 30 and 35 cents. Bleached and unbleached Canton flannel, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents. Also, a nice line of colored Canton flannel, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents. A good pair of white blankets at 99 cents, $1.25, $1.48, $1.98, $2.50 and upward. All woolen blankets at $1.80, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and upward. Gray blankets at 75 cents, $1.00 and upward. Gray blankets at from 85 cents to $2.50 per pair. Comforters at from 85 cents up to $3.00.

Lace Curtains, 75 cents per pair, best quality.

Dress Goods department full of Novelties. Black Henriettas at 35, 50 and 75 cents.

SILK PLUSHES, VELVETS.—A full line kept. All colors and shades at from 35 cents up.

Towels and linens very low. Come and ask for our Kid Gloves, Bracelets, Rings, Chains, Cuff Buttons etc. Largest line kept. Ask to see them. The best line of Corsets at 34, 48, 75 and 98 cents and $1.25. Veiling Silk, all colors, 14 cents per yard. Laces, Embroideries, Ruffings, Vandyke Lace, Infant Bibes, Lace Collars and Infant Cloaks. Visit us if you want a Jersey Coat or Plush Coat. Long Coats for ladies and children. Children's long Coats, for ages up to 12 years, $2.00. Long Coats for girls, $3.50. Fine Plush Coats at $13.50, formerly sold at $25.00.

Now, see here. We can afford to sell cheap because we have no big expenses or rents to pay.

A NEW STORE EXCLUSIVELY FOR CLOTHING.

CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.—Men's suits, sizes 34 to 42. Men's good Satinett suits, $3.50. Brown Washinett, $4.50. Red and gray plaid, all wool, $6.48. Blue Beaver Cheviotts, all wool, $6.75. Blue Pontustek, $7.50. Gray check cashmere, $7.25. Black, all wool, corkscrew, $8.50. Black, red and gold check, $7.00. Blue corkscrew, silk face, $20.00. Black corkscrew, sack, best, $12.00. Blue corkscrew, best, $12.00. Prince Albert suits, best corkscrew, at $15.00, $18.00 and $20.00.

MEN'S CUTAWAY SUITS.—Very fine imported corkscrew, black, blue or brown, bound, $12.50. All wool corkscrew, stitched or bound, warranted, $10.00. Fancy black, plain imported corkscrew, $11.00. Very fine imported wide wale, worsted black, $15.00. Blue and gray check cashmere, $4.50. Gray or brown check, $5.00.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN MEN'S PANTS.—Men's good jean pants, 65 cents. Men's good cottonades, 85 cents. Men's pants, wool finish, $1.25. Good cheviot pants, $1.35. Black corkscrew pants, $2.50. Good cashmere pants, $2.00. English worsted pants, $3.50. Imported tancies, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00, $5.50, $6.00 and $7.00 per pair.

SUITS WITH LONG PANTS.—For boys ranging in age from 14 to 17. Satinet Suits, $2.48. Good Union cashmeres, $5.98. Worshitt suits, $2.98. Good cheviot suits, $4.74. Corkscrew suits, $6.48. Good English worsted, $7.00. Imported diagonal, $8.00. Tricot cloth, black and blue, $10.00.

CHILDREN'S SUITS.—One thousand good heavy cashmere suits for winter, from $1.00 up to $1.50, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50 5.00. Nine hundred pairs children's knee pants, heavy, at 25 cents per pair. Don't forget that we carry the largest line of Overcoats for men, boys, and children to be seen anywhere.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S LONG COATS AND JACKETS.—Children's coats, $1.48. Children's satinett coats, for ages ranging from 4 to 13, at 2.25. Coats in fine suitings for ages ranging from 4 to 13 2.98, and up as high as 3.50, 4.00, 4.50 and 5.00. Plaited and unplaited Canton flannel, 2.25, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00. Jersey coats, 26 inches long, 2.25, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00. Jersey coats, 30 inches long, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00. Short plush coats, 26 inches long, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00. We also have an extensive line of long coats for ladies from 3.50 up to 24.00.

Large line of hats and caps, trunks, valises and furniture, boots, shoes and Rubbers. We always carry a stock amounting to $10,000 and over, and can consequently afford to give you big bargains. Men's good brogans at 90 cents, 1.00, 1.25, and 1.35. Boys' good brogans at 75 cents, 85 cents, 1.00 and 1.10. Men's dress shoes at 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50 and up. We are agent for the celebrated ELECTRIC SHOES. Children's shoes, at 18, 22, 25, 35, 48 and 65 cents. Ladies' Dongola, Opera Toe, Common Sense or Spring Heel, at 98 cents, 1.25, 1.48, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25 and upward. There is nothing under the sun in our line, that we cannot save you 50 per cent. As the stock of goods we have now on hands amounts to $40,000, you can surely have a selection.

REMEMBER WE PAY STRANGERS' FARE BOTH WAYS PROVIDING THEIR PUR

COQUETRY AND BEAUTY.

Susceptibility of Men to Frivolity and Simplicity.

Coquettes Seem to Command a Premium While Really Women Are at a Discount—The Masculine Mind Tired of Pedantic Lectures.

A born coquette is more dangerous than a beauty, asserts a writer in the New York World. She inherits a better legacy than wealth, for while money gives life its cushion beauty gives it color and coquetry makes it sparkle. The coquette will go on with her conquests while there is a man left in the world with a heart in his bosom. There is a woman in New York who keeps a big boarding-school for the education of coquettes, and instead of walking on rose leaves she treads on golden eagles. Seats at her performances are secured two years in advance, and to make the application you pay a handsome deposit. There are no graded courses of study, no exhaustive examinations, no tedious memory lessons and no incessant, eternal and intolerable smashing of piano-keys. Aspirants for degrees can go to the Harvard annex. Would-be grenadiers are directed to Holyoke and Columbia, and blue stockings are advised to enter local high schools and universities for intellectual force. Here coquetry is fostered and no secret made about it, either. Square shoulders are rounded into De Mile grace; flat soles are raised by judicious foot coverings; high foreheads sheltered by kiss curls; harsh voices lowered a whole tone; angular elbows turned in; stiff joints loosened and every symptom of a strong mind rigidly suppressed. The pupil is sweetened, softened and curved. She is carefully instructed to know nothing and to do nothing that will rob a grace or mar a smile.

And does she pay?

Doesn't she.

Drop her in the village lane or quiet promenade of her native city and see if she is not gobbled up by the most promising young lawyer or most prominent bachelor in the town.

This is a serious, angular old world. Men are sick and tired of shrewdness, logic, argument and brains. They want to be amused, distracted, diverted. Good sense is tedious after the market closes, and the woman who talks profit and loss, supply and demand, premium and discount in evening dress, in the moonlight or at a dinner party, is a nightmare in petticoats, to be eluded at the first turn in the lane. Change is rest, and, while we hate giggling, we love gabble. There is where the coquetry of woman wins.

I remember riding in an elevated train beside a grizzly man of fifty and a breezy, chatty girl enveloped in flattering ribbons, dreamy lace and the scent of wild olives, who was pouring society chat into her companion's ear. When a lull came in her recital do you think he sighed restfully? Not a bit of it. His only remark was: "Tell me some more."

Coquetry is to the wine of life what the sparkle is to champagne, and there are women who can no more help being coquettish than that delicious draught can help bubbling.

A pretty lot of nonsense, too, brothers preach against rice powder, curl papers, lip rouge and sweet scent. It is a matter of comment that these dear protected sisters receive more than a liberal allowance of home, while the veriest Dolly Varden in the set has her fill of the play, the dance and the tennis court.

The coquette is helped over dangerous crossings, her packages are picked up and brushed when she drops them. The first place at a bank window and the first consideration in the shops are hers. The coquette gets the loveliest flowers, the most delicious candies, the newest books and the latest prints in the market. The coquettes receive the idolatry of men. Their hearts, their hands, their names, and finally their worldly goods.

She need not make a show-case of herself nor play the flower garden to the captivating. A girl can be absolutely irresistible in a fifteen-cent cambric. Innocence, youth, beauty, sentiment are associated with a girl in a white dress. Plenty of men shrink from brocade and passementerie as fabrics beyond their income, but the white cambric, the white mull, the white any thing is a raiment that blots out arithmetical calculation.

The coquette may be as wise as Maria Mitchell, Susan B. Anthony or Abigail Dodge, but she will never let a man find it out. She knows too well how they hate things didactic. And so she smiles sweetly, talks gayly and lives to please. Here's luck to the little coquette. Long may she wave and never waver.

VALUE OF THE PAST.

It Tells in the Most Insignificant Acts of the Present.

The power of the past over every instant of the present is so subtle in its operation that it tells in the most insignificant acts. One of my friends who has had much experience in tuition tells me that he knows immediately, without asking questions, whether a young man has had a classical education or not. A close observer might possibly guess from the slightest movements if a young man had been accustomed to athletic exercises.

In all the arts there are momentary difficulties that only the most dexterous can fully overcome. In other words, the labor of years is concentrated in the skill of a moment, the extensive past operating with all its accumulated force upon the narrow present. On witnessing these momentary displays of a skill that is almost incomprehensible, a thoughtful person is chiefly impressed by that marvelous law of nature which makes years of previous labor available all at once.

The great difficulty in employing the Present well is that the use of it must form part of some consistent scheme or well-devised arrangement of life. There is no satisfactory Present that is not well rooted in the Past. It is the sense of this great need of the Past which drives people who have no steady pursuits to a perpetual waste of time. They feel that desultory efforts are useless, and they can not determine to undertake those that might be effectual and continuous. Hence the great advantages in trades and professions, that they insure continuity; they keep the cobbler to his last, the painter to his palette. It is thus, in the arrangements of nature, that the Present is made so valuable, that men are, on the whole, so wonderfully efficient now when we want their services, and do not put us off with promises of future utility. This is the one admirable result, that civilization helps us now, that the telegraph is ready to take our message and the steamer ready to start, and the fire-engine ready to stop the conflagration. The increased experience of the human race is leading it more and more to appreciate the importance of the Present and to look upon the Future only as that which will be the present in its turn.—Philip G. Hamerton, in Scribner.

Too Much Progress.

Mr. Chipps (looking up from the paper)—"The doctors have discovered another new disease." Mrs. Chipps—"Well, I wish they'd stop looking for new diseases long enough to find a cure for my old rheumatism."

JOB :: PRINTING.

THE FREEMAN

Printing Office

Is the place to get your

JOB PRINTING

Promptly and satisfactorily executed. We will meet the prices of all honorable competion, We don't do any but first-class work and want a living price for it.

With Fast Presses and New Type

We are prepared to turn out Job Printing of every discription in the FINEST STYLE and at the very

Lowest Cash Prices.

Nothing but the best material is used and our work speaks for itself. We are prepared to print on the shortest notice

POSTERS, PROGRAMMES, BUSINESS CARDS, TAGS, BILL HEADS, MONTHLY STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, LABELS, CIRCULARS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CHECKS, NOTES, DRAFTS, RECEIPTS, BOND WORK, LETTER AND NOTE HEADS, AND HOP AND PARTY INVITATIONS, ETC.

We can print anything from the smallest and neatest Visiting Card to the largest Poster on short notice and at the most Reasonable Rates.

The Cambria Freeman,

EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

ALLAN'S

PINE NEEDLE

CIGARS & CIGARETTES.

PATENTED

These Goods Contain the Leaves or Needles of the Pine Tree.

Use them for a pleasant smoke and speedy relief for *INFLUENZA, ACUTE AND CHRONIC CATARRH, CLERGYMEN'S SORE THROAT, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND ALL BRONCHIAL DISEASES;* they are free from adulteration, as nothing is used in their manufacture but the *BEST OF TOBACCO* and *FRESH PINE NEEDLES.*

MANUFACTURED BY

PINE NEEDLE CIGAR CO.

FREEHOLD, N. J.

Poor, Foolish Men.

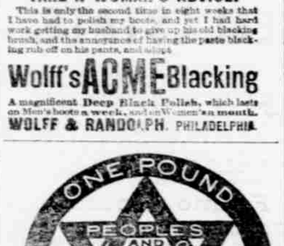
TAKE A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

This is only the second time in eight weeks that I have had to polish my boots, and yet I had hard work getting my husband to give up his old blacking brush, and the smargasm of having the paste blacking rub off on his pants, and says

Wolff's ACME Blacking

A magnificent Deep Black Polish, which lasts on Men's boots a week, and on Women's a month.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.



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Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hogs.

Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Hard Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Fever, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fever, Costiveness, Blotches, and all difficulties arising from impurities of the Blood. Will relieve Horses at once. *Manufactured by the*

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The only sure and radical cure for

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and all disorders of the liver, and has cured hundreds of people and is the only remedy for these diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful physicians have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair county, Pennsylvania. It is manufactured by **D. E. Kellrink, Williamsburg, Pa.**, for the P. T. L. R. Co., and for sale by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle.

None genuine except label shows the Indian arrow-head trade mark.

April 25th, '90-ly.

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THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cozy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

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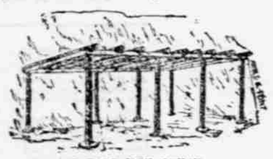
CHEAP AND WARM.

An Easily Constructed Poultry-House Combining Warmth and Cheapness.

A hen-house which combines warmth and cheapness can be made as follows, and as shown in the accompanying engraving: Select a well-drained sand bank sloping to the south or southeast. Perhaps such a one is handy, from which quantities of sand or gravel have been taken until there is already dug a place large enough to put in just what is wanted—a hen-house entirely in the sand, except the front. The only objectionable feature in a building of this kind is dampness, and from the start this must be provided against carefully by a thorough system of drainage, both above and below. For this purpose tiles are almost indispensable. If the water can be kept away, the fowls will find the sand agreeable and the situation warm and healthful, while its exposure to the southern sun will give the layers a chance to bask and exercise all day and they will lay as well as during summer, provided their food be of the right kind, and varied. On starting, draw from the woods enough seven-foot posts to set one every five feet across



A GOOD HEN-HOUSE.

the space to be occupied by the front of the building. Or these may be placed in position standing squarely with sawed ends on flat stones imbedded in the sand. On top of them spike a six-inch pole the length of the front of the building.

Another row of posts of the same length or perhaps one foot shorter should be placed further into the sand bank where the back of the building is to come, with a rider on top as mentioned for the plate on the first posts, or if an abundance of stone be handy, this row of posts can be replaced by a wall. Wood, however, is preferable, because it doesn't gather and hold moisture so much, but is more expensive because less durable. Across these horizontal top poles run heavy, rough timbers six to ten inches in diameter. These will not need sawing and can be rudely spiked or pinned to the poles. The entire structure must be heavily built, because it is to be roofed with sand and sod. Above the rafters, which are as well flat as any other way, should be laid a quantity of slabs or straight poles close together. On these may be thrown a layer of sweet fern or hard hack brush, or even a mat of dried leaves, to be followed by two feet or more of sand. Over the sand spread at least six inches of good loam, and sod over this. It should be mounded enough to shed rain tolerably well and will look on top like our old-fashioned out-door cellars so common in the Hudson river valley. The sides may be treated in the same manner with slabs and leaves and heavily banked with sand. The entire job can be sodded so that it will be far from ugly in appearance. The front should slope gently from the top of the posts to the ground, the bottom being about two feet from the posts. From this point the earth should rapidly descend so that all water may be carried away from the building. Two windows of good size, but not too large, and a door may be placed in front of this building, and roosts and nests within. During extreme cold weather a house of this kind will be greatly enjoyed by the poultry and will present no objectionable features.—Farm and Fireside.

BURNING HORSES ALIVE.

Precautions That Should Be Taken for Their Protection.

It is astonishing, writes A. R. Allen in American Agriculturist, how often we hear of valuable horses perishing in burning barns. The losses by such calamities amount annually to hundreds of thousands of dollars. In addition to this the frightful sufferings and agonies of the poor creatures are indescribable. With proper care in placing and building stables and their subsequent management fires in them would scarcely ever occur. For a single valuable stallion, or several, the stable ought to be fireproof—really so; not a bit of wood attached to it—and that part of it which holds the hay or any combustible matter should be partitioned off with thick sheets of iron and an iron door from the part where a stallion stands. No other light except a safety lamp should be used in the stable, and it would be best to hang it up on entering at a suitable distance from the manger and stall so that if it should drop the flames could not reach the hay in the rack or the litter in the stall.

No groom or person who smokes should be allowed to enter the stable. Notwithstanding their promises not to do this while there they sometimes forget themselves, entering with a lighted cigar or pipe. On this being brought to mind they quickly pull it out and thoughtlessly throw it down, perhaps on the litter, and thus set this on fire. The stallion stable ought not to be near any wooden building or hay-stack which, in case of fire, could heat it sufficiently to endanger the horse. Not over twenty mares ought to be in one building, and it would be all the better and even cheaper in the end if this was also built fire-proof. For a greater number of mares let separate stables be built and placed at suitable distances apart, so that in case of fire in one it would not spread to the next. Water, with buckets and hose, should be kept close by and an engine that two men could easily handle. Have two faithful men sleep in each barn with a watchful terrier dog that would rouse them in case of danger from any cause if both happened to be asleep.

One of the men should sleep the first half of the night and the other the latter part; and when up let each from time to time take a turn in front and rear of the mares to see that nothing is going wrong among them. It would be best for each mare to have a roomy box-stall. If this could not well be provided, then let two be made, so that in case of accident or illness there would be comfortable quarters for such to be placed in. If hitched in stalls there are fixtures for this which will instantly unhitch a considerable number by a single, easy turn of a lever. Doors ought to be placed in the side of the stable behind the mares every ten feet or so, in order that when unhitched they can be turned out and keep clear of the fire. If any one of them hesitates to instantly march out through the door, then strip off her blanket and throw it over the head and eyes so she can not see, and she will then be willingly led out, stand for the blanket to be taken off, and then walk clear of the fire.

It Was the Wrong Log.

Mr. Gladstone was recently asked by the secretary of the Lowestoft Woman's Radical Association for a log of wood wherewith to make articles for a forthcoming bazar in aid of the building fund of the Lowestoft Radical Club. Mr. Gladstone consented, and eventually a log arrived, was duly exhibited, admired, and worshiped. Later the actual gift of Mr. Gladstone was delivered by the railway company, and the ladies discovered that the first log they had done homage to had been sent to them by a local wag.

ANY ONE CAN DYE

A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc.

Any Color FOR TEN CENTS

and in many other ways SAVE Money, and make things look like NEW, by using DIAMOND DYES. The work is easy, simple, quick; the result BEST and FASTEST known. Ask for DIAMOND DYES and take no other.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Baby Portraits.

A Portfolio containing 50 pictures from live babies, on plate paper by photo-electric process, sent free to mother of any baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.

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Cleanse the System

DO IT NOW

With the return of health will come a desire for work. Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Nervousness, Impure Blood, and all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Blood, are overcome by using the great Blood and Nerve Purifier,

Paine's Celery Compound

I have been troubled for a number of years with a complication of troubles, including one full bottle of your Compound has done me more good than all the medicine I have taken for the past two years. I feel like a new man. Appetite has improved, and I have gained ten pounds in weight since I have commenced taking the Compound."

HONESTUS STEARNS, Pelchville, Vt.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. At Druggists.

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DRINK PURE WATER.

BY USING THE

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IN YOUR WELLS AND CISTERNS.

Warranted to Purify a Foul Well or Cistern in Ten Days Use or Money Refunded.

Purifies by Aeration.

It will draw ten gallons of water per minute.
Never has to be jacked, primed or thawed out.
A ten-year old boy can draw water with ease from a 60-ft. well.
No iron tubing to rust or burst. No stockings or valves to wear out.
It has no wooden tubing to wear out, decay or pollute the water.
It will not rust or corrode, as the cylinder is made of galvanized iron.
It is the simplest and most durable exterior pump made for raising water.
It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten below the platform.
It will not freeze, having stood the test of a thirteen winter, 28 degrees below zero, as the buckets discharge themselves.
Has no leather, rubber or wood in contact with the water to contaminate it.
You do not have to pump out a pailful of water to get a fresh, cool drink, for every bucket goes down full of air to the bottom, and fills with cold water as the air escapes.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

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It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity it costs less than a tenth of a cent a day. Strictly a medicine. Prevents and cures all diseases. Good for young chicks. Worth more than gold when hens moult. "One large can saved me $40, send six for $6 to prevent coup," says a customer. If you can't get it send 20 cents for two packs; five $1. A $2.4 pound can $1.20 post-paid; 6 cans $5, express paid. "THE BEST POULTRY PAPER," sample copy free. Poultry Raising Guide free with $1 orders or more. I. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

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That can be

MADE FROM PETROLEUM.

We challenge comparison with every known product of petroleum. If you wish the most

Most : Uniformly : Satisfactory : Oils

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STANDARD OIL COMPANY,

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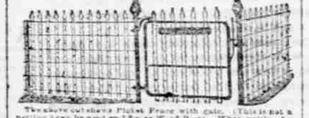
PATENT STEEL PICKET FENCE.

HANDSOME, INDESTRUCTIBLE.

Cheaper than Wood.



The above cut shows a Picket Fence with gate. (This is not a netting.) can be used on Iron or Wood Posts. When writing for prices give quantity. Number of Gates, Depth and Height Wanted. Weather Manufacture Heavy Iron Fencing, Crestings, Stable Fittings, Fire Shutters and FIRE ESCAPES, Cellar Doors, and Railings, Brass and Iron Grilles, WIRE DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS, and all kinds of WIRE WORK.

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KILLING WEEDS.

A Farmer Gives His Views on an Important Subject.

There is no labor more universal among cultivators than the attempted destruction of weeds, and there is none which is commonly gone about with more irregularity and want of system. Weeds infest nearly all cultivated grounds, and their destruction is generally attempted after they have grown a foot high, more or less, either by laborous hand labor, or more rapidly but more imperfectly with the work of horses. In the garden it is mostly performed, if at all, by the hand; in the large corn field the plow and cultivator turn over or tear up the large weeds and leave many untouched.

The true management should be the commencement of this labor with the planting or sowing of the crop. The young weeds should be destroyed before they reach the light. The soil has

FIG. 1.

been stirred for planting; but within a week it should be stirred again to kill the young sprouting weeds. With small, tender plants, the small harrow or cultivator may be passed between the rows of field crops; with large, strong-rooted plants, like corn, the slant-tooth harrow may be passed over the whole broadcast, pulverizing and destroying the small, sprouting weeds, but doing no harm to the strong corn plants, whether before or after they have reached the light. In the gardens the steel rake may do the same work in the narrow bed as the horse harrow performs in the field.

The accompanying figures will serve to explain our meaning. Fig. 1 represents a crop of weeds, sprouting, and ready to come up during the first week after the soil has been stirred. If the weather is warm and the soil moist, they will often sprout an inch in four or five days, and then is the time to pulverize finely an inch or two of the whole surface of the soil. In doing it every weed is broken, crumbled and destroyed. A double benefit results from it, in the breaking of the earth and giving to the coming crop a mellow surface.

Fig. 2, somewhat reduced, shows the young weeds a week later. They have

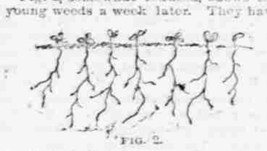

FIG. 2.

reached the light, are a tenth to a fourth of an inch high, and have sent down roots two inches or more in length. These roots, if numerous, double the labor required to destroy them, compared with those shown in Fig. 1. But the steel rake and the slant harrow will do good work with them.

Fig. 3 represents the weeds still more reduced in size, half a month later, when they have reached a height of six inches or a foot. The crop has already suffered largely from their crowding and shade, and the labor required for them was at least ten times as great as for those in Fig. 2, and about twenty times as great as in Fig. 1. This difference has been tested by actual experiment. Two given areas of soil were measured off for prompt raking, and another equal area assigned for the six-inch weeds, and the time required measured by the watch. Two square yards were handsomely and thoroughly dressed with steel rake in twenty seconds by the mode represented in Fig. 1; and one square yard in forty seconds according to Fig. 2. The work was repeated every week for a month and a half, mak-

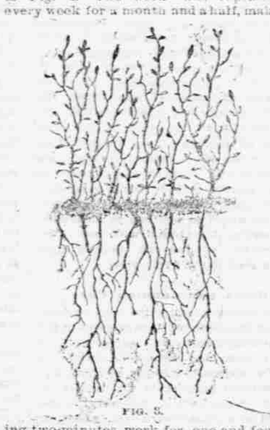

FIG. 3.

ing two-minutes work for one and four minutes for the other. The tall weeds of Fig. 3 required but once about eight minutes to the square yard, being twice the labor of the square in Fig. 2. But the crop had been nearly choked out by the weeds.

The experiment is worth repeating. It is too late for the trial on many crops for the season, but there are still some on which the test can be made, such as turnips, Hungarian, corn fodder, etc., in the field, and many second crops in the garden.

Many weeds have very small seeds, and will not germinate if buried more than an inch deep. For these, it is not necessary to rake deep in order to destroy them for the season. Large seeds will come up from a deeper depth, and require a corresponding treatment.—Country Gentleman.

THE KANGAROO'S JUMP.

Hunters in Great Danger from the Enraged Leapers.

When brought to bay the kangaroo jumps like a flash for the hunter's chest and tries to crush it with his fore feet. To prevent this each man wears across his breast a two or three-inch thick matting. Armed with a spear with a club attachment at the other end, they ride upon swift horses into a herd.

With the agility and equipose of circus riders they stand erect upon their horses and use their spears and clubs. The kangaroo is able to jump clear over a horse. As the game is bagged it is skinned and the skin is stretched on the ground and pegged down to prevent shrinkage. The flesh furnishes meat for the camp.

Each man places his private mark upon his booty, and when they have 100 apiece they return back to civilization. There are twenty varieties of kangaroos, among them the blue, red Wallaby, black, gray and forester, the latter furnishing the best leather, as it lives mainly in wooded sections.

When the shipping parts are reached the hunters dispose of the skins by auction to the highest bidders, the skins being now in constant demand. Kangaroo hunters make large profits. One man is known to have cleared $4,500, free of living expenses, in a single year.

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Market open at all hours and attentive and obliging salesmen to attend to the wants of customers.

Intelligent Readers will notice that

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are not *"warranted to cure"* all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered Liver, viz.:

Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc.

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When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

A life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

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TWO USEFUL DEVICES.

Grading Target for Laying Drain Tile and Device for Scalding Hogs.

Herewith is shown a handy and easily constructed device for obtaining a grade when laying tile. It is made of a strip of boards, say one inch thick, six or seven inches wide and six feet long, with a one-inch slot from center, as shown in the cut. Mark off in feet and inches from the square. Cut a round piece of board an inch board or seven inches in diameter, bore a small hole in the center and put through, to allow the thumb-screw and insert it in the target through the slot from the back. Paint the target red, and the center white. Set a square at the lowest point of the drain; set the target at the right point with the center level with the square; then raise the target to give the desired descent for the fall of the water in the drain.

GRADING TARGET.

The device shown here is simple, and its construction is explained by the cut. Two men bearing down on the

DEVICE FOR SCALDING HOGS.

twenty-five-foot pole can raise a heavy hog into the barrel more easily than can four or five standing on the platform. By turning the pole around (see dotted lines) the hog can be swung upon the platform and reversed in a moment by means of the rope; a is an inch bolt driven into the post; b shows the form of the aperture in the pole. This is a cheap and excellent contrivance. Lay the pole away when not in use.—Rural New Yorker.

EARLY LAMBS.

The Profit in Getting Them Ready for the Early Markets.

In rearing early lambs, several methods are followed by different men. One is to buy the ewes as early as possible in the summer, wherever they can